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# Saints' Rest

By Sadie Fuller Seagrave



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**SAINTS' REST**









IN GAY ATTIRE WE ASSEMBLED FOR OUR INDIAN PICNIC

(See page 158)

# SAINTS' REST

BY

SADIE FULLER SEAGRAVE



ST. LOUIS

C. V. MOSBY COMPANY

1918

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S43  
1918

TO  
MY MOTHER  
MRS. IDA FULLER WEST



These are the things I prize  
And hold of deepest worth:  
Light of the sapphire skies,  
Peace of the silent hills,  
Shelter of forest, comfort of the grass,  
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,  
And after showers  
The smell of flowers,  
And of the good brown earth,—  
And best of all, along the way,  
Friendship and mirth.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



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## PREFACE

The tale, *Saints' Rest*, is neither biography nor autobiography, but rather a mixture—the assembling of incidents and impressions garnered from a four years' experience in institutions for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. While the story is written mainly from the viewpoint of the patient, it is tempered a little by the fuller understanding of those who for years have grappled with the problem of successful treatment for tuberculosis.

Six months, one year, two years, “chasing the cure!” How appalling it sounds, to the uninitiated, and if a perusal of this somewhat intimate sketch of sanatorium life lends even a modicum of encouragement to any who must spend days, weeks, months or years, in a fight for health, its mission is fulfilled.

The old idea that tuberculosis was incurable was bad. The new idea, that it is curable, must, if it is not to be a pitfall to the unwary, be accompanied by the proviso, if taken in time, and eternal vigilance practiced thereafter.

The personal quality which helps most to win the fight is patience—patience with the length of time necessary to heal diseased lung tissue, and to build

## *Preface*

up a resistance, patience with the rigid discipline necessary where many are congregated, patience with the foibles and uncongenial traits of some associates. Next should come cheerfulness. Indeed, the two go hand in hand. Patience and cheerfulness, under the supervision of those alive to the waywardness of this treacherous disease will do all that can be done. Cheerfulness when good results come easily is commendable, and cheerfulness in the face of apparent defeat is doubly so, and its influence far reaching, so—here's a glad hand to the cheerful winner, and a gladder hand to the cheerful loser.

THE AUTHOR.

OAKDALE, IOWA, JAN. 1, 1918.





# SAINTS' REST

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## CHAPTER I

### THE BIG CHANCE

Rose Marohn listened to the clock striking five with her usual disturbed realization that there was only one hour left before time to get up. So tired had she been for the past six months or more that she had fallen into the habit of waking an hour earlier than usual, since she no longer found it possible to spring out of bed with the old alacrity and needed time to convince herself that she was ready to begin another day's work. The cold plunge, once so inviting, no longer tempted her. Indeed, for several weeks she had listlessly and wearily made her toilet merely as a matter of necessity.

She lay wide awake, with lids too weary to open until absolute necessity demanded. She wondered idly if she would ever again feel the "pep" that had added zest to her long struggle for a position that would mean surcease from petty worries and economies and enable her to have a bank account as a safeguard against dependence in her old age, dependence that had embittered her younger days,

### *Saints' Rest*

and made her feel that financial independence was the goal toward which she must set her eyes if she were ever to be at ease. True, this resolve had been furthered, had in fact, become almost an obsession, since there had entered into her life twelve months before, one Darwin Burney. He had finished his theological course, had secured a charge in a western state, but since his duties there did not begin until fall, he had spent the three summer months substituting for an overworked pastor in the crowded, hurrying city.

Some throw of fate had landed him in Mrs. Sullivan's boarding house. Another throw had infused in him an earnest love for the quiet, white-faced girl he met there. She seemed to have few intimates and few interests. She talked with him sociably enough about his work, but the gay and joyous comradeship he offered seemed at first to puzzle her. The limited social life she had allowed herself had not overcome the imprint of her early life, with its repressions, its discouragements of what attraction she had, and its fostering of a natural timidity and lack of self-confidence.

Well for her that Darwin Burney, filled with the love of life, acutely able to snatch some measure of reward from any struggle that enclosed him, sensed in her dormant nature the qualities that would respond and be correlative to the curious blending

## *The Big Chance*

of earnestness and joyousness which made up his existence.

Wonderful as the future seemed to Rose when she had grasped the fact that she was loved by this man, with the tenderness of a woman in his heart, and the joyousness of a child in his eyes, she could not throw off entirely the only fear that intruded. Not once, but often, had she and her Aunt Susan winced when doled out begrudgingly a meager supply of money for the barest necessities, when both knew that this attitude was prompted only by the miserliness of the one who held the purse strings.

“Rose,” her aunt once had said, “if you ever marry, be sure you have a few hundred dollars of your own. It will be a wonderful saving to your pride.”

Rose, sensitive to a fault, had not needed this admonition. Once able to earn a living, she would be beholden to no one, so when Darwin Burney pleaded with her to go with him to his western field that fall, she had steadily refused, saying that she must wait until she should accumulate a few more hundred dollars. To this end she had applied herself more diligently than ever, until now her weary body almost refused the dictates of her mind.

Finally she rose and garbed herself with her usual neat precision, just now more a habit of years than conscious effort. She was of average height,



### *Saints' Rest*

but thin with the thinness that excites commiseration. Slightly irregular though her features were, a little study convinced one that there were possibilities if only the thinness, the tiredness, and the pallor could be eliminated. Her would-be wavy hair was combed straight back and twisted into the hard knot sanctioned at that time by some perversity of fashion. It was not especially becoming, her thin, tired face needed the softening influence of escaping curls and gentle lines, but it was a quick do-up and neat, and she didn't care about anything else.

"O goodness," she thought, as the bell rang, "I wonder if I'll ever *want* to eat again."

She went slowly downstairs and stopped mechanically at the breakfast table.

"Don't bring me anything but a cup of coffee, Katie."

Katie departed to the kitchen, and in a moment or so the good-natured landlady appeared with a look of concern on her kind face.

"Rosie, my dear, Katie is after bringin' ye the cup of coffee, but surely it's jokin' ye are. A cup of coffee is naught to do a mornin's work on. Ye're that thin already I'm thinkin' ye should be takin' a tonic. Now Dr. McCarthy," she paused in dismay, for Rose, the calm, the self-contained, the least emotional of any boarder Mrs. Sullivan

## *The Big Chance*

had ever had, leaned against the chair and sobbed. In a moment she straightened herself and spoke vehemently.

“Don’t say tonic to me. I’ve spent all the money I’m going to on tonics. I don’t want anything except a chance to rest until I feel like living again. Tonics! I loath the sight of a bottle, and my pocketbook shrinks at the thought of one. Oh, I know I’m horrid to snap at you so. I should think you would hate me. I hate myself.”

She dashed the mortified tears from her eyes and left the house.

Mrs. Sullivan looked worried. She had found very endearing the girl’s former appreciation of her motherly efforts to make a boarding house seem a home, and longed earnestly to see her back in the freshness of her first days.

“I’ll be slipping around to Dr. McCarthey by the by and see what he says. Maybe we can help her in some ways. She did take a powerful lot of tonic but ’twas not of McCarthey’s prescribing.”

Rose boarded a car at the corner of Dustin and St. Francis Streets and started on her long trip to the office of Barr Publishing Company. After a long, hard forenoon the junior partner looked up at the close of his dictation.

“Mr. Barr would like to speak to you a moment before you go out for lunch.”

### *Saints' Rest*

Rose looked up in surprise. Most of her directions were given by the junior partner and a summons to the office of the senior partner was somewhat unusual. A tinge of curiosity pervaded her as she entered the office. Mr. Barr, small, wiry, and calmly abrupt, scrutinized her closely a moment or so.

“Possibly you are not aware that Miss Ray expects to leave for an indefinite time. In fact, she may not return at all. I am sorry to lose her. We have talked over the matter of her successor and she agrees with me that you have earned the right to a trial. There are, however, some things which must be considered first, and I believe she will talk to you about them soon. Later you and she can let me know what you consider best.”

He dismissed her with a courteous if somewhat abrupt gesture, and Rose, with a barely murmured “Thank you” left the office. The surprise was complete, for there had been no rumor of a change in the office force. In fact, Miss Ray seemed as much a part of the office as Mr. Barr himself. She had been there a good many years and was regarded by all as the most competent person in the whole establishment, with the exception of the members of the firm.

To be sure Rose had had the goal of private secretary in mind ever since she entered the office,

## *The Big Chance*

but she had felt that it would not be a realized dream for a long, long time. She hastened to the elevator and once down on the street hurried to the resting room of the Ladies' Auxiliary, where she sank into an easy chair. Closing her eyes she saw again the calm face of the senior partner and heard again the words for which she had worked so hard and patiently, albeit with no thought of an early reward.

Private secretary to the senior member of the Barr Publishing Company! This meant far better pay and more congenial work. It was a position much sought for, the attainment of which she would rejoice to flaunt in the face of her niggardly Uncle John. He it was who, though well able to furnish a comfortable home, and a good education to his orphan niece, had made her education largely a matter of her own initiative and effort. She had been obliged to work unduly hard, had been skimped on her clothes, and above all had had only contemptuous words when she had longed for encouragement and praise.

She had been independent now for some years, but it was hard to save much from her salary, and what little she had saved, less than \$400, had been possible only by extreme thrift and much curbing of natural desires. With a better salary she could afford to relax a little the effort which extreme

### *Saints' Rest*

thrift entails and still see her bank account approach the mark she had firmly decided upon as necessary. When this was done, the prospect of becoming Mrs. Darwin Burney would not have a single flaw.

In such wise her thoughts rambled on until she suddenly became aware of slow steady steps across the room. Someone slipped into the chair beside her, and gently smoothed the hand which lay relaxed upon the arm of her chair. She opened her eyes and looked into the gray-blue eyes of the private secretary, Miss Ray. The gray-blue eyes smiled steadily into the surprised dark-blue ones, and a warm friendly voice spoke.

“I know, my dear, that Mr. Barr spoke to you about taking my position when I leave. He has talked the matter over with me in considerable detail. We both have noted your capability since you entered our firm, and the evidence of fitness which you have shown for such a position. I am glad for you. I know you can make good, if”—she hesitated, “you can keep your enthusiasm, and my dear, it takes health and vitality to keep that in most instances. In this position it is not so much mechanical skill that is needed, though that is necessary too, as it is enthusiasm, alertness, and the ability to think quickly and clearly. Ever since I began to think of leaving I have had you in mind,

## *The Big Chance*

and I have watched you closely. The only thing that makes me doubt the wisdom of your taking the position is your health. If you looked as you did the day you entered our office, I would not be saying this. Your alertness and freshness is gone."

"Oh, my dear," she said hastily, as a hurt look crossed the face of the intently listening girl, "I do not mean that you have failed in any way because of this, but I know from my own experience how much of a strain this position of mine is. I have held it a number of years. I was not much older than you when I began the work. I love it, and want it to be a great joy to you as it has been to me. It is work that asks much but also gives much. Tell me frankly, do you feel strong enough in every way?"

As if afraid to delay, Rose sat upright, and answered hurriedly and chokingly, "No, I'm afraid I'm not ready as far as health is concerned. I'm not lazy, but I have felt tired and unambitious for a long time, and down in my heart I am dreading getting used to the new work, but I have wanted to step in if ever there was a vacancy, and I can't bear to let it go by me."

"Have you seen a doctor?" questioned the private secretary.

"Dozens. O, not that exactly, but I went to two

### *Saints' Rest*

very good doctors, and both told me I was simply run-down. They prescribed expensive tonics, and a change of scene. I took the former until the sight of a bottle made me sick, but since the most I could do for change of scene was to change my boarding place, I didn't. I haven't seen either one of those doctors for some time now, though I'd not mind doing my share to help support some doctor if I felt I was getting any benefit from his advice. As it is, I have been putting my money in the bank. But how I wish I could feel like myself again."

She leaned her head back against the chair and tears rolled down her now flushed cheeks.

The gray-blue eyes of the private secretary were very kind as they rested on the tired face and despondent body, and she said thoughtfully, "Would you mind my taking things into my own hands? Maybe what I have in mind is a wild guess, but perhaps not. Suppose we let matters rest for a day or so. This is Thursday. Possibly by the end of the week I can help figure out something."

"I can't seem to figure out anything myself," said Rose, "but even then, why should you be so kind to me?"

After an instant the answer came.

"Because I have needed kindness many times myself, and found it lacking."

### *The Big Chance*

“You,” exclaimed Rose, “I thought everybody loved you.”

“People admire me; I am successful; I make good money; I dress well, and I am not unattractive, but when I first began this work I was not as well fitted for it as you, so far as technical training was concerned, and it was necessary to apply myself without reserve, so I passed by the time when friendships come easily, and now everybody thinks as you do, that I have everything I want.” The speaker shook a suspicion of mist from her blue-gray eyes and laughed unsteadily. “Besides, I want to turn my position over to some one who is not handicapped in any way.”



## CHAPTER II

### WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

Miss Ray was a woman of action, and late that afternoon she held a consultation with Dr. Rutledge, the most eminent specialist in the state. At the close of the interview she said, "I'm sorry, of course, that your suspicions coincide with mine. It seems so dreadful!"

The doctor smiled his friendly quizzical smile.

"Maybe it won't be so dreadful as you think. That remains to be seen. However, even at the worst, you must not forget that the sooner we get at the root of the trouble, the sooner we can help her."

"Then I'll have her come to see you Saturday afternoon at three, as you suggest. She will have the whole afternoon. I'll meet her here if I can, but if not, you will find her a plucky girl, and I suggest that you be perfectly frank with her. Of course, if I have made a far-fetched guess, and you find some very minor ailment, please remember that it was your article in this month's Survey that made me think of this possibility."

"I hope your suspicions are unfounded for the sake of the young lady, but let me assure you that

### *When Doctors Disagree*

my experience has proved that 'far-fetched' guesses are not common enough in my line. If there were, such articles as that you mention would not need parading. If I find Miss Marohn is not a case for my supervision, I will endeavor to find where her case does belong."

"Thank you, Dr. Rutledge, for your interest," and the private secretary moved toward the door.

Dr. Rutledge made a long stride and opened it for her; then closed the door and walked into his inner office where he glanced over the notes he had just taken.

"Probably a typical case," he murmured, and a hint of sadness crept into the somewhat thin face, softened by its well-trimmed Van Dyke, and into the keen gray eyes with tiny lines around them. The faintly quizzical smile which usually pervaded his features vanished. This busy man with his big heart and deep sympathy could not consider his patients as so many cases, merely, and the disappointment, the struggle, the reward or defeat of each one he made his own.

"I'm sure it is perfect nonsense," said Rose, when told of the appointment, "for me to consult *that* doctor, but if you think best, of course I'll go, but I want you to be with me if you can."

"Well, I will be much relieved myself, if I am mistaken, but you know you are not well, and

## *Saints' Rest*

something must be the matter. I am sure Dr. Rutledge can advise you, at least, unless," and Miss Ray laughed whimsically, "you prefer trying another brand of tonic."

Rose made a grimace but said nothing.

Saturday afternoon at the appointed time, the two women arrived at Dr. Rutledge's office. "The doctor is busy for a short time," said the office girl, "but he can see you very soon."

Rose clasped and unclasped her fingers. She was beginning to feel nervous. Her cheeks, already flushed, became scarlet in sharp contrast to the surrounding pallor. Her lips were pale, and her limbs trembled.

"I wonder," she thought, "if I am coming down with malaria or something like that." She wished the doctor would hurry.

Presently the doctor emerged from his private office and ushered the ladies in.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "I tried to be through in time."

"A little delay did not matter," answered the quiet voice, "we are glad to rest a little, though Miss Marohn is somewhat anxious, despite her assertion that whatever the matter is, she knows *you* are not the one to consult."

The doctor turned his eyes on Rose. "They all say that," and his quizzical smile was uppermost.

### *When Doctors Disagree*

He ushered the two into his private office, and seated Miss Ray by a sunny window.

“Miss Marohn, you will please sit here,” said he, indicating a smooth, white stool near his desk.

A summons to the outer office kept him away a few minutes, and the waiting women looked curiously around them. The room was long and narrow, well lighted, with big sunny windows. Two large pictures hung on the walls, one directly over the doctor's desk, a fine copy of a “landscape” by Corot, and one by a modern painter depicting Mt. Rainier in the glow of a summer sunset. In one corner of the room stood a cabinet filled with shining instruments, and close beside it weighing and measuring scales. A desk, revolving chair, an easy chair, a stool, a table laden with medical journals and papers, and a tall, narrow case near the desk filled with reprints, and a file, completed the furnishing of the room, with the exception of a row of bookcases along one side. On the center case stood a low glass bowl filled with glowing autumn roses, which added warmth to the room with its cool gray walls.

The doctor entered and began the interview with the patient. “I understand, Miss Marohn, that you have been working quite hard for some time, and now have an opportunity for a promotion, but do not feel physically fit. Suppose you tell me, to start with, when you last felt perfectly well.”

### *Saints' Rest*

“O, I don't feel really sick, but I am tired all the time.”

“How long have you been feeling tired?”

“Quite a long time, almost a year, I guess.”

“Have you ever had grippe or pleurisy?”

“Well, sometimes in the winter I have the grippe and colds that last a long time, and about eight months ago I had a dreadful spell of the grippe and was home almost two weeks, but after I went back to work I felt all right except that I didn't feel strong, and I haven't felt strong since.”

“What did you do for yourself?”

“I went to Dr. Popp and he thought I was coming down with typhoid or malaria, and gave me medicine and tonics to stave it off. I felt better for a while, but it didn't last, and then I began having little stabs of pain in my side. This time I went to another doctor and he treated me for intercostal neuralgia, and said I was also run-down generally, and working too hard, and prescribed a frightfully bitter tonic. I took some of it, but it tasted so dreadful that it took away what little appetite I had, and it cost a lot, so I quit.”

“Do you still have those pains?”

“Not all the time, and not so bad, but I can't eat, and am tired all the time.”

After going minutely into the present state of her health, the doctor subjected her to a searching

*When Doctors Disagree*

inquiry with respect to her past physical history. From this it developed that she had had spells of so-called malaria a number of years previously. Later he questioned her concerning her family history.

“Are your parents living?”

“Neither of them.”

“What did they die from?”

“Father from asthma, and mother shortly after childbirth.”

“I see. Had your mother been in good health previously?”

“Well, not exactly. She had some kind of heart trouble.”

“Have you any brothers or sisters?”

“No.”

“Any uncles or aunts?”

“One of father’s brothers is living, but has asthma, too. One was killed in an accident. I have two aunts who are quite well, although I think one of them had some bronchial trouble a while ago.”

“Did you ever live with any of these uncles or aunts?”

“After my parents died, I lived with the uncle who has asthma, for a good many years, but that was some time ago.”

“What is the most you ever weighed?”

### *Saints' Rest*

“I think about 115 pounds.”

“Suppose you step on the scales. I see, 101, without wraps. Now the next thing is a good chest examination.”

“Well, all right, but you will find my lungs perfectly sound.”

Dr. Rutledge left the room and sent in the office girl who took from a drawer a large Turkish towel, made on the order of a combing jacket, which she handed to Rose with the request to place it around her shoulders after preparing for the examination, and rap on the door when ready.

The examination lasted some time, and Rose became very tired. At the close of the examination the doctor laid aside his stethoscope, handed her a thermometer with instructions to hold it in her mouth a full five minutes. He added the reading 100.2 to his other record and sat in silence a few moments.

Finally he straightened out the papers, leaned back in his chair, and said slowly, “When I was a boy I broke my leg. The doctor came to set it, and I asked him if it would hurt worse. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it will hurt badly, but if we get it in the right position now it will grow together, and you will have a leg that will give you as good service as if it had never been broken.’ Now, Miss Marohn, what I tell you may hurt a little, but please

### *When Doctors Disagree*

remember what that doctor told me about my leg. Sometimes I like to make several examinations to make sure of certain things. This, however, will not be necessary in your case, for the data which I have gleaned from my questions, and the findings of my examination convince me that you have a tuberculous infection in the top of both your lungs. It isn't bad, but may become so, if proper care is neglected."

Rose stared at him, incredulity and rebellion in her look.

"But I don't want to have tuberculosis."

"Neither do I," smiled the doctor, "but if I did have I would want to get over it as soon as possible."

"But can one get over it?"

"That depends on many things. A great many people who appear to be much more ill than you, recover sufficiently to live an ordinary life, but to accomplish this takes considerable time, the right kind of supervision, and intelligent cooperation, and the latter requirement is very essential. I can tell you what you *should* do, but what you really do will depend greatly upon yourself."

"What is the very best thing for me to do?"

"I should say that the best thing in the average case, and we will consider yours an average case, is to enter some good sanatorium where you can



*Saints' Rest*

be observed and supervised by some physician who understands tuberculosis; the sooner the better."

"How long would I have to stay?"

"I tell you frankly, I don't know. Probably not less than six months, and possibly twelve months or more."

"Six months!" gasped Rose, "Wouldn't it cost a fortune to stay that long?"

"It would in some places. Suppose you tell me now, just how you are situated financially, and I will see what arrangements can be made."

"All I have is my savings account, less than \$400. I can use it, of course."

"Have you any one to provide for you?"

"No one."

"Have you any one to consult with before making plans?"

"Not exactly. I'm engaged, but I had not planned on getting married for a couple of years, anyway."

"Which intention is very wise," interrupted Dr. Rutledge, "since marriage in the near future would be very inadvisable. Now, Miss Marohn, since there is no use considering the impossible, I will not go into details concerning certain places and certain arrangements that might be talked over if money were no object. Considering circumstances, the best thing for you to do is to make

### *When Doctors Disagree*

application to enter Tamarack, a sanatorium for tuberculosis under the Tuberculosis Commission of the state. There a part of the expenses are paid by the state, and I should think the charge of \$40 a month would come within your means, especially since your other needs will be small. You should stop work at once, or at least as soon as you can, and go to this place, as soon as you can get admission. They have a waiting list, not especially long, but it might take three weeks to get you admitted. I can write the superintendent, and have your name put on the waiting list as soon as you decide to go."

"But my position," stammered Rose. "I mean my promotion. I can't have it if I quit work."

Miss Ray laid a friendly hand on the girl's shoulder. "My dear, if your health is not equal to it, you wouldn't have it long, and even if it should not be open to you on your return there will be other places. I can help you there. I would not worry about a position, but if you want to think matters over I am sure Dr. Rutledge will understand, and let you notify him later."

Rose gave her a grateful look, and turned to the doctor. "Perhaps you will think me foolish not to decide right away, but even though I shall make the decision myself I would rather think things over. Then if I decide to go, I will be more apt

### *Saints' Rest*

to be satisfied. I will let you know Monday how things seem to me."

"And in the meantime," said Dr. Rutledge, "you will stay at home, and in bed and rest. Tomorrow is Sunday, and I want you to make it a day of absolute rest. Remember too, that you are not to worry. It isn't needful, and it is harmful. You have a good chance to recover if you take proper care in time, and besides the recovery of your health, you will find a number of things to compensate you for the loss of time and money. You may not realize this for a long time, but you must take my word for it."

"I am sure Rose will profit by your advice, and we thank you for your kindness this afternoon," said Miss Ray.

As the women turned to leave the office Dr. Rutledge swiftly despoiled the bowl of roses, and handed each a glowing cluster. "Worry and pink roses," he said kindly, to Rose, "do not belong together. Discard the one, and keep the other."

"I feel terribly upset," said Rose to Miss Ray, when they came to the parting of their ways, "but I'll go to work as usual Monday, even if I make up my mind to follow the advice I've been given. I can tell Mr. Barr then, and call the doctor by phone. You've helped me a great deal, and I appreciate it, but I guess I'll have to do the deciding

*When Doctors Disagree*

myself. Believe me, I'll do some thinking between now and Monday. O, I don't see how I can give up my promotion!"

"Whatever you plan, Rose, remember it is easier not to make a mistake than it is to undo one. Be wise enough not to rely too much on your own judgment. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Ray."

## CHAPTER III

### WORRY AND PINK ROSES

That evening good-hearted Mrs. Sullivan knocked at the door of Rose's room. In her hand she carried a huge bottle of tonic. True to her word she had consulted Dr. McCarthey, and described the girl's failing strength and lack of appetite, and the kind old doctor, more kind than wise, had shaken his head sagely, and remarked, "Needs something to build up the blood. I'll give you a good tonic, make her take it, willy-nilly."

Rose laughed hysterically when the bottle was unwrapped, and between sobs and laughter told the astonished landlady what Dr. Rutledge had told her, and advised her.

"Sure, Rosie, ye're jokin'. Ye can't be goin' into consumption. Why, me cousin, Bessie O'Grady, that died of it, coughed from mornin' till night and from night till mornin', and she was naught but a bag o' bones. Sure ye're too thin for yer own good looks, but to be havin' consumption! How long did he give ye, Rosie, my dear?"

"Six months, perhaps a year," answered Rose impishly, but at sight of the distress in the moth-

### *Worry and Pink Roses*

erly face, she added "to get well in. He says I have a good chance if I stop work."

Mrs. Sullivan rocked in silence, then wrapped up the rejected bottle of tonic and declared, "I'm not thinkin' consumption can be cured, leastways not without medicine, but if this Dr. Rutledge tells ye ye've a fightin' chance, then take it, and the saints be with ye."

She rose to go, but her eyes fell on the portrait of Darwin Burney.

"Rosie, my dear, are ye forgettin' the man that'd give his last breath for ye? Marry him, Rosie, darlin', and let him take care of ye."

Rose drew a sharp breath, then answered steadily, "If I wouldn't go to him when I was well and strong, do you think I'd go to him now? A pretty helpmeet I'd be for him!"

Long hours that night Rose lay awake. Tired and nervous, her thoughts jolted around kaleidoscope fashion, and the word tuberculosis was most often uppermost. Surely that must be a mistake, and yet she was not well, and Dr. Rutledge had seemed so sure. Well, she couldn't give up her good position, to say nothing of the promotion ahead. She could not spend all her money. If she did, she would be back where she had started from six years before. But still, maybe if she kept on working she would get so she couldn't work at

### *Saints' Rest*

all, and she didn't want to die. Not because she had been so very happy, but because she hadn't, and she was young yet, and there was Darwin. What a puzzle things were. Her eyes wide open turned to the moonlight streaming in. Its silver rays rested on the pink roses which she had brought from the doctor's office.

"Pink roses and worry won't go together," she heard the calm steady voice saying, and the roses were hers. With her face turned toward them she fell asleep. Late the next morning she awoke, refreshed by her sleep, faced the issue bravely, and made her decision. Since health was the one thing she must have for Darwin's happiness as well as her own, she would take no half-way measures but put up the best fight she could, and be guided by the advice of those who were supposed to know best.

"Maybe I can't fight gracefully," she thought, "but perhaps I can learn, and no matter what happens I want Darwin to know I did the best I could."

Here a sudden thought struck her. Perhaps Darwin would not want for a wife one who had been tuberculous, even if she became as well as one could. This thought obtruded itself persistently, and gave her some bad hours. Late that afternoon she wrote to Darwin.

"My dear," she wrote, "'tis an ill tale I must

### *Worry and Pink Roses*

send you in the wake of your last cheery message. How bad it is you can judge for yourself. I've told you before that I have been feeling dreadfully out of tune physically, but couldn't seem to find out why. Now, to make a long story short, I have been told that I have tuberculosis, not bad, but tuberculosis just the same. Last Thursday Mr. Barr told me that Miss Ray expected to leave soon, and he thought I deserved the promotion, but said there was something to be considered which Miss Ray would talk over with me. She was lovely, but told me frankly that she didn't think I was fit physically for the work, and advised me to see Dr. Rutledge, the most eminent specialist on tuberculosis in this state. Of course I was skeptical, but I went to him. 'Tuberculosis,' he said, 'six months or perhaps a year of rest in a sanatorium.' Darwin, think of it! Even if I get well, all my money will be gone, and I will have to start my pride saver all over again, and since I won't go to you sick, and I won't go to you penniless, and it isn't fair to keep you waiting so much longer for the home you want, you had better put me out of your life entirely. Don't think I am hard and cold. It isn't easy to write this. I love you, Darwin, but I want you to be happy, and I am tired, mentally and physically, and besides, I have tuberculosis."

Rose.



### *Saints' Rest*

Fearful lest her courage fail, she addressed the envelope hurriedly to Reverend Darwin Burney, 16 Dewberry Lane, Seattle, Washington, and mailed it.

When Monday morning came, she lost no time in telling Miss Ray of her decision to enter the sanatorium, and in calling up Dr. Rutledge to ask him to send in her application as soon as possible.

“Good girl,” responded the doctor, “a prompt decision bodes well. If you will come to the office tomorrow at three, I’ll introduce you to a very fine young lady who is expecting to enter the sanatorium soon. Possibly you can be admitted the same day, and if so, the trip will not seem so hard and long. There are a few instructions I wish to give you also.”

When Rose went to Mr. Barr to tell him she could not take the promotion, and would be obliged to give up the position she already held, her heart felt very heavy, and the words came slowly to her lips. When she had finished, he answered kindly, “Miss Marohn, from what Miss Ray tells me, and from a talk I had with Dr. Rutledge after he saw you Saturday afternoon, I believe you are doing the best possible thing. Dr. Rutledge is a man of wide attainment in his profession, has made a special study of this disease, and above all, has a reputation for absolute integrity, and I would

### *Worry and Pink Roses*

accept his word without question, also his advice. He tells me you have a splendid chance to recover if you follow directions. His advice is so much better than mine that I won't waste words, but perhaps it will ease your mind a little to know that we will have a place for you when you are ready to come back; possibly not the one you are giving up, but something good. Moreover, you have the best wishes and the good will of those among whom you have worked these last few years. We have appreciated your faithful services, and we shall keep track of you. Now for our own sake we would like to have you stay a few days, but Dr. Rutledge has advised us to let you off at once, and this we are willing to do."

"Thank you, Mr. Barr, but I shall work today, anyway, and finish up some things that are half done."

Three o'clock next day found Rose at Dr. Rutledge's office, where he laughingly introduced her to a "companion in misery," Miss Phyllis Channing.

The two girls took silent stock of each other. Rose saw a slender, boyish-looking girl of about twenty, good color, golden hair with a most decided kink, but drawn back like her own in the prevailing hideous style. Her features were quite regular,

### *Saints' Rest*

and a bright vivacious smile and manner bespoke the joy of living.

Phyllis noticed that the girl before her was slightly shorter than herself, decidedly thin, somewhat irregular features, though not unpleasantly so, the whitest skin she had ever seen, and the blackest hair, slightly wavy, and dark blue eyes with deep shadows underneath.

“Probably twenty-six but looks about thirty,” thought Phyllis.

After a few general instructions as to necessary clothing to take with them, and what train to take, the doctor spoke soberly. “I always give my patients a little preachment before I send them away. You will find things very different at the sanatorium from home life. There will be rules and regulations which you may not fully understand and which will be irksome in many ways. Sometimes the food will not appeal to you, sometimes your nearest companions will be distasteful, but I want you to bear in mind the fact that rest, fresh air, and enough to eat are the main requirements, augmented of course with a moderate degree of cheerfulness. So far as possible, pass by the annoying things, take your fill of the good things. Freedom from work and responsibility alone will do you wonders. Let yourselves loose from thoughts of work, consider yourselves on a vaca-

## *Worry and Pink Roses*

tion wisely restricted, and whatever happens make the best of it. Be thoroughbreds. I'll let you know when to start. Write me occasionally. I like to keep in touch with the patients I send up there. If I don't see you again before you leave, good-bye and good luck."

"I don't usually take to people," said Phyllis, as the girls walked down the street on their way home, "but if the superintendent of Tamarack is as wonderful a man as Dr. Rutledge he will be some man, believe me, but there can't be two just alike."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Rose, "he certainly can instill courage and hopefulness. I'm really looking forward to a change of scene and a chance to get rested."

Swift as train could carry it came an answer to Rose's letter to Darwin. She held it in her hand some time before she gathered courage to open it; but when she had read it, the feelings of relief and happiness which it inspired were so acute that they were almost painful, and her hand shook that evening when she penned a brief reply:

My dear:

The postman brought me two letters, one from Dr. Rutledge telling me to start for the sanatorium tomorrow, and one from you. I've read every word of your letter over and over. I wonder if

### *Saints' Rest*

I deserve such a love. Darwin, I didn't realize how much I wanted to live for you until your letter came, with its message of love, patience, and hopefulness.

I went to see Dr. Rutledge right away, and asked him about change of climate as you suggested. He advised against it, unless one had means to enter a private sanatorium, since of course I would not be eligible to any county or state institution. Climate alone, he said, had little to recommend it, and he told about many people he had known who had gone west and had found treatment much more expensive than it would have been in their home state, and also people who had gone west with the idea of doing a little light work, and trying to take treatment, too, and who found that there were so many health seekers in the same plight that there was no light work to be had, and that living expenses were terribly high, and they finally returned home, only to find that by their dallying they had lost not only time and money, but their chance of recovery, so I guess I'd better stick it out here. I'll try to be a good soldier.

Yours always,

Rose.

## CHAPTER IV

### EXILE

Tamarack, September 5, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

I'm here, and how can I ever stand this exile! The rain drips, drips, drips and they say little Nat died last night. The girls on the porch where I have been put say they are going to stay awake tonight to hear the wagon come to take him away. Somebody on the porch above is coughing and choking, and I want to get away from all this gloom. I won't stay. *I won't.*

Rose.

## CHAPTER V

### THE NEW REGIME

Tamarack, September 6, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

I'm still here. I fell asleep in spite of the death wagon, and when I woke up the sun was streaming in. Almost my first thought was that I didn't have a long street car ride ahead of me. That and the sunshine sort of heartened me.

My next thought was about Phyllis Channing, the girl who came up with me. When we dropped asleep she was feeling as blue as I, so I poked my head up to see if she was awake and knew that Old Sol was doing his best to cheer two wretched beings. Her bed is quite close to mine. There are seven beds on this little side porch. If I had seven arms I could punch everyone at once. Well, I reached across and tweaked a curl, and when she opened her eyes I said, "My blue devils are gone, where are yours?"

She blinked a little, but rose to the occasion with a gallant smile, and the remark that hers had gone where she hoped she never would. We both laughed, and really, Darwin, isn't a laugh a glorious thing to start the day.

### *The New Regime*

We had to scramble to get ready in time for breakfast. There are not enough washbowls or mirrors for so many people, and we dallied so long we had to wait. I didn't eat much breakfast—things were not very appetizing, but I drank several glasses of the very good milk which was on the table. Now I'm back on the porch, and in about ten minutes the bell will ring for us to get to bed again, so good-bye. I foresee that my letters must be written by snatches.

Same place, same date, 11:30.

We got up at 11:30, and can stay up until dinner time. I didn't sleep during this rest period, was too restless, but from my bed I watched the tops of the evergreens and birches, and wondered if anything could be lovelier than the bright blue sky. As soon as the bell tapped I "beat it" to the dressing room, and dressed. Now I can write until dinner time. Phyllis is writing, too. By the way, when we were waiting for the train yesterday morning, who should appear to bid Phyllis good-bye but an old schoolmate of mine. I had not seen him for several years. It seems he and Phyllis are engaged. They met at the university where Phyllis would have been a senior this fall if she could have gone back to school. There goes another bell. Dinner time, I suppose.



## *Saints' Rest*

Later.

I'm so full of things to write that I can't contain myself. Even my pen is affected, so don't be surprised at any zigzagging. Neither my pen nor myself is responsible.

I wonder what you most want to hear about. It is all so new and interesting to me that I want to begin at the beginning, and write about everything. The train pulled in at a little log station, almost a hut, one might say, and there was an old-fashioned omnibus waiting to convey the passengers to the institution. I have a hazy feeling that if I had not been feeling so wretched, mentally, things might have seemed pleasant, for the road wound up a gentle slope through a real forest.

After waiting a while in a big bare room, a nurse came and asked us if we were patients. We were then conducted to the office of the assistant doctor, a lady, who cheerfully assumed that it would be a delight to us to give a history of ourselves and antecedents. Then we were piloted to the head nurse's office where we were asked to sign our names to the book of a thousand rules (more or less). We were not given time to read them but before the place for signature was a statement to the effect that the foregoing rules had been read. I suppose this gives the management a right to say that ignorance of the law excuses no one. I'm

## *The New Regime*

wondering what would be said to a person who couldn't read, even if he had time. The nurse verbally informed us of some of the more important rules, such as not sneezing in each other's faces, holding a piece of gauze before the mouth when coughing. We were told to put our handkerchiefs away, and were given a square of white gauze. Said gauze is collected night and morning. A shining tin cup was thrust in our hands and this we must carry everywhere we go, whether we expectorate (isn't that a nice word) or not. I noticed a man today who had his cup tied to his suspenders. Since I don't expect to expectorate, I think I shall put my cup on a chain for a locket. Mercy, how I hate to carry that thing around. By the time the nurse was through with us, we were through with her. She showed us our lockers and beds, and said supper would be ready in twenty minutes. We put a few things away, and then sat by our beds until the bell rang.

There were four other girls at our table. One of them, Loraine Belmond, a sweet-faced, well-bred girl, asked us our names and introduced us. After supper it was bed for everyone, for an hour. When the hour was up, almost everyone on the porch began to talk, and the talk was all about little Nat who had died that morning, in a room on the second floor. His lung collapsed, they said.

### *Saints' Rest*

I don't know whether there is such a thing as that, but I am going to find out before I leave. When they weren't talking about him, they told how many times they had filled up their sputum cups, how high their temperature ran, and all such things. The rain was pouring down, and by the time I had heard an hour's talk I was ready to leave. It was then I wrote that despairing letter which you will have received before you get this.

A nurse six feet four inches tall came to tell me that I am to report to the superintendent's office for an examination at three o'clock. She, the nurse, is named "Short." She is said to have remarked once that her greatest ambition was to marry a man named Long, but so far she had met only two men of that name, and one was already married, and the other was "short" in everything she admired. She has for an intimate friend another nurse rather below the usual stature, Miss Tracy. They look odd together, and people call them Mutt and Jeff, on the side.

Dear Darwin:

September 9, 1913.

Your telegram was quite unnecessary. As mentioned in the beginning of this letter (or should I call it this volume) I am still here.

After Dr. Leeds examined me the other day, we had a little talk, and he said he expected I would

### *The New Regime*

make a good recovery. I suppose they say that to every one, though.

The doctor is a short, but rather well-built man, not handsome, but quite distinguished, and has very fine manners. His hair is a little gray, and his face rather full and flushed. I've heard so much about him in the short time I've been here, that I am very curious to know what kind of a man he is. He makes a 100 per cent impression to start with.

Rose.

CHAPTER VI  
THE LAY OF THE LAND

Tamarack, September 30, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

It's a good thing I have you to write to. If I didn't I'd be keeping a diary as some of the girls think I am doing, since when I'm not eating, sleeping, resting, or taking my wee bit of exercise, I'm writing.

Being here is like being transplanted. At least it is seeing a new phase of life. I like the change, and as it has been so long since I had a real vacation, I'm taking Dr. Rutledge's advice and calling this a vacation. I only wish it were summer instead of fall, though it is so wonderfully beautiful that words fail me when I try to describe the beauty of these woods after the recent sharp frost, such profusion of rich color, scarlet, crimson and yellow, soft russet and gold, toned by somber brown. Dame Nature is surely in a lavish and sumptuous mood. Perhaps she foresees the bitter days of winter, when nippy breezes will play havoc with her adornment, and cast it upon the ground, and she must content herself with winter's offering of snowy white. No wonder she revels in a riot of

### *The Lay of the Land*

color while she may, but doubtless later she will be grateful for the cool unchanging white, as she spends her leisure hours in the serious occupation of getting things ready for spring.

I have been here almost a month, and am beginning to get a line on people and things.

The assistant doctor is a woman, Dr. Mary Hull. She is into the thirties, I imagine, has good features and pretty, light hair. She is very up and coming, a live wire all right, a little brusque sometimes, but I imagine most of it is on the surface, and I like her. Also she seems to like me.

The matron, Erma Harper, is a dear little lady. They say she is older than Dr. Hull, but she looks about sixteen, especially when she has been hurrying a little, and her face gets flushed a trifle. She dresses very well when not in uniform. Her looks remind me of the heroines of southern romances. She is dark-haired, dark-eyed, graceful, and beautiful. Comment says she is the first capable matron the place has had for a long time, which indicates that she is efficient as well as beautiful. It is a safe bet that she is the most popular person on the place. Dr. Hull is a close second, however.

The head nurse, Rowena Lyons, is well-built, very well-built indeed. She appears efficient, is very bustling and is brusque plus in her manner. She doesn't especially appeal to me. Gossip says

### *Saints' Rest*

that she can be relied on to report any infraction, minor or otherwise, of the thousand rules. Probably that's a good quality. One knows what to expect. So far I have not felt any particular inclination to break any rules, except talking in rest hour occasionally, but perhaps I'll feel more unruly when I feel better physically. I have not felt any of the restrictions a special hardship, but there seem to be a number of "bugs" (slang for a tuberculous person) whose chief aim is to see how many infractions of the rules they can get away with, even to their own detriment.

A good deal of interest centers in an apparent love affair between Miss Lyons and the book-keeper, Mr. Engle. He's a sort of indefinite person, the kind you always want to stick pins into to see if they are alive, but don't, for fear the pin would go clear through.

October 2, 1913.

I have had almost an hour's exercise this last week, and have walked around the buildings, and down towards the station until I could go in the dark.

There is one big building, the Main Building, in the center of an open space, with a thick wood back of it, and on either side, mostly evergreens of various kinds, and birches, while in front, beyond a small open area the woods begin again, and the

### *The Lay of the Land*

ground slopes down to a big lake. There are a number of cottages, painted a sober brown, some occupied by patients and some by employes. There is a small white cottage built for the superintendent, which he occupies, but as he has no family he takes his meals in the officers' dining room. Officers and nurses have quarters in the main building, where also the administration is centered. This building also contains quarters for newly arrived patients, and for those who are too ill to go to cottages. As soon as a patient has a good clinical record, he or she is transferred to one of the cottages, if there is a vacancy there, where no nurse is in attendance. Otherwise, one remains in the main building. Since removal to a cottage usually means improvement as well as less strict supervision, people are always on tenterhooks until they are transferred. Once a week patients report to the doctor for inspection of their clinical record, and their exercise time is increased or decreased accordingly. I was moved to the cottage yesterday morning, and spent all my exercise time, and then some, getting settled in my new quarters. I think the cottage is much nicer than the ward. It is more in the woods, and almost on the edge of the hill that slopes down to the lake.

These cottages consist of two wings with central



### *Saints' Rest*

part. Each wing is open on two sides and one end, that is, it is all screened with windows. There is room for eight patients in each wing. Heavy canvas curtains are provided at the windows to keep out a driving wind or too bright sun. Otherwise they are kept rolled up. The central part consists of two dressing rooms, in which are lockers, lavatories, shower bath, etc. The cottages are heated with stoves, one in each dressing room, but no heat in the wards. A big wash boiler is kept on one part of the stove and filled with water to use for hot water bottles. Miss Stewart, a girl who has been here for some time, has been giving me a routine of life at the cottage. Each patient has a "fire day" on which day she has to keep up the fires. She must keep watch also of the boiler and keep it filled with water. Each girl has to take her turn at dusting the cottage, keeping things in order, cleaning the washbowls, etc. A flat iron is kept on the stove, and once in a while one may get permission to wash and iron some article that should not be sent to the laundry.

Our cottage is called Saints' Rest, the other girls' cottage is Wildwood, while the cottages for men are called Paradise Alley, and Stay-a-While. There is no nurse in charge of these, and no telephone or bell connection with the main building, but a nurse makes rounds twice a day, and twice at night, and the doctor once or twice.

### *The Lay of the Land*

You can't write too often. You don't know what your letters mean to me now. Far more than they used to. Perhaps because I have more time to read them, and to think about them. I am not corresponding with many of my old acquaintances. I was always so busy I didn't have many really intimate friends. I did write once to Alice Brady shortly after coming, but when she wrote back and asked me if the letters were fumigated before being sent out, it sort of damped my ardor. You know Dr. Rutledge told me the principal source of infection was from the expectoration of a person having tuberculosis, and I don't expectorate at all, and of course I don't enjoy the idea of people thinking I'm dangerous, so no more letters to Alice Brady. In fact, I am going to slump badly on correspondence to everyone but you.

Really, one doesn't have as much time as might be expected. You see in the morning after breakfast we must make our beds, do our share of cleaning up the cottage, then take our exercise, then undress and go to bed, and be absolutely quiet for half an hour. Then we must record our temperature and pulse. Between then and dinner time I have a little extra time because so far I have not much exercise, but when I get three or four hours' morning exercise, I'll have to rush to get dressed for dinner. After dinner we have to undress again

*Saints' Rest*

and go to bed until three or four o'clock. I haven't any afternoon exercise yet, so have a little time before supper, which is generally the time when I write letters. After supper it is bed again for an hour. Then we can be up until nine, but the lights must go out at nine, sharp. O, talk about a well-regulated life! A sixty-five dollar Swiss watch can't begin to compete with us.

Yours always,

Rose.

## CHAPTER VII

### HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

Dr. Leeds, as Rose had mentioned, was a man who made an excellent impression. He was scholarly, brilliant, and well versed in the niceties of polite society. A fluent talker, he could hold an audience spellbound. He enjoyed a deserved standing in his profession, so far as actual knowledge and aptitude were concerned, and he had also no small ability as an organizer. In fact, he had almost a genius for administration, so far as the outlining of a program and its theoretical execution were concerned. But against these qualities must be placed an unfortunate disposition. He was selfish, egotistic and hot-tempered, and these faults were fast becoming more apparent.

His physical health seemed fairly good, but there were times when a certain ghastly pallor and extreme nervousness were danger signals, and no one voluntarily approached him then. Had he been able to keep his faults more in abeyance, he might easily have won the confidence and respect of his patients and employes, for in his pleasant moods his personality was attractive, due to his fine manners and his gift of language. He made

### *Saints' Rest*

friends easily but lost them more easily. In the few instances where he held the friendship and esteem of his associates for more than a brief period, there came inevitably a day when a surge of anger and unreasonableness let the bars down, and the vision behind was such that none cared to risk a second look. He would have made an ideal organizer, traveling from place to place, having only a brief association with people. In such a position he might have kept himself held in high esteem. As it was, he had held his present position chiefly because of his ability as a financial administrator, and the difficulty in securing a man with the requisite technical knowledge who had no home ties. The distance from a good town and school precluded the position being taken by anyone with a family.

Too egotistic to discern why, he faintly sensed the lack of confidence, and kept the population of the sanatorium shifting to such an extent that many patients were discharged before their gain had become sufficient to warrant a promise of permanency. Even with the frequent change in population there was always much discord. Though there were times when it was not apparent and things seemed to move smoothly, the fear of an outbreak of his temper was such that there was always an undercurrent of fear and restlessness

### *His Royal Highness*

among the patients, and to a lesser extent among the employes, since most of them could change their location at will.

Rose, like many others when they first came, was favorably impressed with Dr. Leeds, and later he was pleased with her cheerful acceptance of circumstances, and her willingness to conform to the restrictions. Also she had a sense of loyalty to those in authority, very pleasing to his autocratic spirit, and besides was of such a forgiving disposition that she failed to comprehend his character as fully and as quickly as did some others. Phyllis, who in spite of her younger years, was possessed of a more acute perception, took a dislike to him on entrance, and this dislike increased daily, and later led to an open break which caused her to leave the institution.

Things had moved smoothly and there had been less friction than usual, at least among the patients that fall, and Rose and Phyllis had adjusted themselves rather quickly to their changed circumstances. Possibly Phyllis deserved more credit. In her pleasant home she was and had been an adored only child, and while the financial means of the family were small, and she had learned to economize in a wholesome manner, she had not had to be denied the pleasures of youth. Bright, pretty and intelligent, her three years at college had been

### *Saints' Rest*

one triumph after another, and at home everything centered around her. In spite of this she was not selfish nor spoiled, and that she could so easily adjust herself to being away from home, and becoming only one among a hundred, marked well the fineness of her character.

Still, of the two, Rose was perhaps the more content, which was only a logical sequence, since it was the first time she had been free from the worry and rush of a business life. She had worked hard during school life, with little time for play, and later had doggedly devoted her entire strength to becoming proficient enough to be eligible for a promotion that would be worth while. She did not love money for its own sake, her generous nature could not have understood that, but the bitterness of her dependence when a mere child had taught her almost too well the value of independence, and when taken in hand by Miss Ray, and Dr. Rutledge, she was in a fair way to lose her youth as well as her health, and become a mere grubbing machine. The change from this to a more or less care-free life, freedom from worries, release from the daily grind, together with long hours of sleep and time to indulge in a little frivolity, seemed a fair recompense, especially when it was to bring her back to health, renewed earning capacity, and a clearer vision. Not that she analyzed all this, she merely

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felt it, and waxed content. So many months and years had she trod the hard city pavements that the morning walk on the needle strewn paths or the winding sandy road, sheltered by the pines, and warmed by the flaming colors of the deciduous trees, had been a revelation. Later when the flaming leaves had sought their resting place, and leaves and needles were sprinkled with feathery flakes of the early snow fall, she held her breath, the whiteness and the beauty of the snow touched a hidden spring, and youth flowed back into her veins. The cool, snappy breezes succeeded occasionally in bringing a glow of pink to her pallid face, and one by one they blew away the tiny lines in the forehead. To be sure, youth isn't far away from twenty-six, or rather it shouldn't be, but not since she had been a little child had Rose felt real youth, just the joy of living. She scarcely knew when it came. Perhaps it came one snowy morning after she had been there almost two months. She had turned from the beaten road one morning to explore a rough and narrow road that led off somewhere into the deep woods. Suddenly she came to a clearing. Cords of wood and piles of branches testified to the hand of man, but the big white flakes falling gently down testified to the hand of God, the master surgeon, covering the open wounds. Rose looked around her. The faint



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fall of an ax told that the wood choppers were in the far distance, and she sank back against a fragrant heap of cedar branches. She closed her eyes, the soft snow drifted caressingly over her face and nestled against her woolly cap and thick coat, and when she opened her eyes again she knew that youth was hers, that life was more than a material competence. Half unconsciously she quoted, "I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air; I only know I can not drift beyond His loving care."

A crackling as of twigs under a heavy foot brought her to her feet, and she stood face to face with Murray Dunning, a senior medical student, who had entered the sanatorium shortly before she did.

"Why, Mr. Dunning, I thought you men walked in the opposite direction this week."

"So we do, but I've very nearly traversed a circle, and am taking a short cut. May I walk back with you?"

"O, I'd like you to, but," with a comic-tragic air which surprised her more than it did him, "it's against the rules, you know."

"Confound it, a fellow can't even be polite, can he? Well, it won't take over fifteen minutes to get back to the sanatorium. We can enjoy this snowfall together at least five minutes. Do you

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know," abruptly, "you're holding your face up as if the snowflakes were kissing you?"

"They are," said Rose, "the Man in the Moon sent them to me, via the north wind."

Murray laughed, a jolly companionable laugh. "If that's what makes your cheeks so pink, I'd encourage him, if I were you. You don't look like the same girl. That first night at supper you sat where I couldn't help but see you every time I raised my eyes, and you looked so white and unhappy, and your hair was stretched back so tight, that I sort of hated to look at you, but now, why don't you always have pink cheeks and wear woolly caps and have little wisps of curls blowing around your face?"

"Well, you see," she answered, with sober lips but laughing eyes, "I am just getting acquainted with the Man in the Moon. I never had time before. I've lain awake hours lately, just looking up at him, and thinking what a nice man he is, and how dreadfully my education had been neglected not to know him better. I'd almost forgotten there *was* a Man in the Moon, but we're getting acquainted fast, and he's helping me to renew old friends. You see, I lived in the country until I was twelve, but I'd forgotten there were such things as deep woods and alluring paths, and

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lovely big snowflakes, and I love it all so much it almost hurts."

She paused and looked a little uncertainly at her companion. His frank brown eyes looked straight back.

"I understand," he said soberly. "All this," and he waved his arm, "helps one to think. It sweeps away the cobwebs. I didn't know it would do that. In fact, I didn't realize there were any dusty corners in my head, and I've been rebellious as could be at having to give up my work. I had only five months left to finish my senior year as a medical student, and it hurt like the dickens to stop. Before I got any exercise I lay in bed and growled like a bear, and I didn't feel much better mentally even after I got out a little. Maybe it was partly because I took my walks with a fellow as grouchy as myself, but this week I started out alone, and every time I've ended up by being a little more cheerful than I was when I started out. If I can get back to my work with a clear head and a firm hand, I'll not begrudge the time. In fact, even if I don't make it physically, I'd rather die here than in the city."

"So the snowflakes can cover you gently, as did robins the babes in the wood?" quoted Rose.

He laughed, and Rose laughed, and a sense of comradeship enveloped them as gently and unob-

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trusively as the snowflakes fell upon them and around them.

The five minutes had lengthened to twenty-five when Rose looked at her watch and exclaimed, "We'd better hurry back. We will hardly have time to get our half hour's rest before dinner." She nodded brightly and started. He swung into step beside her.

"Rules or no rules, I'm going to walk as far as the bend with you."

Little bits of personal items, comments on their associates, and the routine of their lives, enlivened the rest of their walk. At the turn of the road Murray lifted his cap and the snowflakes fell on his ruddy hair.

"Since I don't suppose his Royal Highness would for a moment believe our meeting was accidental and accept that reason, if we offered it, I believe it's just as well to part company here."

"Isn't it ridiculous?" laughed Rose, "but rules are rules, and men and women are not to associate except once in a while on some festive occasion. Good-bye."

"Just one minute," called Murray, "one of the nurses told me yesterday that the doctor is going to appoint a committee to get up a Halloween party, and has asked her to suggest people that she thought would be good to help plan things. You know about two-thirds of the people here

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need to be amused. She asked me about it, and I told her I wouldn't if I could get out of it, but if they ask you, I'll change my mind. How about it?"

"I'll ask the Man in the Moon," answered Rose gaily.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MR. AND MRS. T. B. BACILLI

It was customary to have some sort of an entertainment for or by the patients on the various holidays, and to this end Dr. Leeds appointed a committee of six to make plans. Rose, Phyllis, May Stewart, Murray Dunning, Bert Dalrymple, and Owen Bowling were called to the doctor's office, and told of their duties.

"Previous committees," said Dr. Leeds, in conclusion, "have thought more of having a good time themselves than of anything else. I hope you can do better. Make your plans and let me know about them."

"We'll do the best we can," answered Rose, who had been named chairman.

"Yes, yes, I don't doubt that," replied the doctor, opening the door and dismissing them with a courteous inclination.

Rose called a meeting that evening in the telephone room, which opened off from the long reception hall. She was full of enthusiasm, for she had had little chance or time for social activities in her busy, anxious life. Phyllis was enthusiastic to a lesser degree, for she had been surfeited with

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good times, until her health had begun to fail. Owen, an "old-timer," was somewhat dubious.

"The crowd won't mix well, too many ages, nationalities, and dispositions," he declared, "and besides, His Royal Highness always gets sore about something, and there's the devil (excuse me, ladies) to pay afterwards."

"Well," said Rose in desperation, "let's get up something that everybody can enjoy, and take part in if they want to."

"That's the idea," retorted Owen, "but what is that something to be? I've been here almost two years, and it's harder than the dickens to get something that everybody likes and that doesn't cause a rumpus of some sort."

"Maybe if we all are enthusiastic, even if we don't feel so, and do our share, and a little more, we can get the rest to pitch in, and have a good time," said Bert.

"Everybody likes to eat and dress up," suggested Phyllis. "We can do those things, have a regular masquerade."

"We can fix dandy decorations, too, for Halloween. It's one of the easiest holidays there is to decorate for," observed May.

"Let's get right down to business and plan refreshments and decorations tonight, and leave the

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masquerade and any other plans we may think of until tomorrow evening," said Rose.

After much laughing discussion the refreshments were decided on, a scheme of decoration laid out, and the committee adjourned to think things over until next evening.

As they left the building, Murray remarked to Rose, "Sorry we can't walk with you girls to the cottage, but His Royal Highness would sure get after us if we did."

"We'd better beat it to the cottage as quickly as we can," put in May. "We have just ten minutes to get ready for bed and Miss Short makes rounds about two minutes after nine."

In the middle of the night Rose woke and lay awake trying to think of some novel entertainment, which would be suited to the crowd. Finally she gave an excited little crow, crept out of bed, and stole silently down the long aisle to the dressing room. There she drew a table up close to the stove, and for an hour or more worked out the idea. It wasn't new, the idea, but it had possibilities, and she wanted them ready to exploit the next evening.

"Rose says she has an idea," began Phyllis, the minute the committee had assembled.

"Good for her, let's hear it," put in Murray, "ideas are scarce around this place. The bugs



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drive 'em away. That's why I haven't any left. Had a head full of 'em once."

"What's your head full of now?" asked Phyllis saucily.

"Pessimism," answered Owen, before Murray had time to reply.

"Cut it out, Bowling, and give Miss Marohn a chance to tell us the idea," said Murray with a cheerful grin, which rather belied the accusation.

Rose flushed a trifle. She was not used to taking the lead in social affairs, but she was determined to make good.

"Why I thought," she ventured, "that we might have a mock marriage in addition to a masquerade. We can think up some ridiculous costumes, and have a funny ceremony. It could be made the event of the evening, and surely it would be interesting to those watching as well as the rest. I thought it would be funny to have a big tall man for a bride and a short fat man for groom, and have it sort of a suffragette wedding."

"Good," declared several at once.

"Dick Wigdahl is just the man for the bride," declared May. "He'll look scrumptious in flowing robes and a veil."

"And Louis Olson for the groom," added Bert.

"Owen will make a fine minister. He's so used to giving advice," added Murray.

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“We must have a father and mother for the bride, and plenty of bridesmaids and ushers,” said Phyllis.

“Before we go much farther with our plans we had better see if the doctor approves,” put in Owen, “he may like it and he may not. You never can tell about him.”

At length the plans were formulated sufficiently to lay before the doctor. First Rose handed him the list of desired refreshments. He scowled a trifle over the item “coffee,” but left it on, and said he would hand the list to the matron. This relieved the committee of any further responsibility in that respect. The plans for decoration also met his approval, and he promised to see that the needed supplies were secured. Two numbers of the musical program he marked off, saying that those two patients were not able to take part. After he had been given the details of the mock marriage, he gave his consent to it, and told the committee to go ahead.

Then began two weeks of good hard work. A few who were asked to take part consented at once, a few flatly refused, and others had to be coaxed. Some who were willing to take part were not allowed by the doctor, since their exercise time was not sufficient.

Notices were made and posted in the various

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buildings, urging everybody who could, to take part, and dress up. Those who wished help in designing and making costumes were requested to call on the committee which would give all the aid possible. The committee found itself up to the ears in work. In fact, the members began to think they had bit off more than they could chew, but they kept at it, and finally a wave of enthusiasm swept over the population, and offers of help were received which made things a little easier. Girls and boys who were not able to do hard work spent their spare time cutting out witches, cats and bats to be used for decorations. Costumes were evolved, and a general spirit of excitement prevailed.

The afternoon of the 30th the committee and a few others gathered in the dining room, which was the only room available for the entertainment, and stretched a wide strip of yellow bunting around the walls. When this was done, the numerous witches, cats, and bats were pinned thickly on it, and black streamers were hung from chandelier to chandelier. Numerous pumpkins, their smooth shiny surfaces converted into cheerfully grinning faces, were placed in every available spot.

“Too darn bad the crowd has to see so much of it beforehand, but we just couldn’t do all this after supper. It will be all we can do to get the tables out of the way, and the chairs fixed. Guess we had

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better call in some fellows who don't have to dress to help with that part," observed Murray, as the bunch stood back to look at the effect of the decorations.

"The waiters would help with the tables if the doctor would let them take part, but he doesn't approve of patients and employes associating any more than can be helped," said Owen.

Supper was early that night, and by seven o'clock the dining room was transformed. Rose gave a satisfied look at the room, and the arriving audience, some in everyday dress, but many attired in weird and fantastic costumes. Then she slipped upstairs to a little room which had been delegated as a gathering place for the final touches to the bridal party, and such others as needed assistance. As Rose entered the room, a buxom negress curtsied low. "Evenin' ma'am, I done hear yo chile is gitting married tonight. Please accept my condolences."

Rose, who took the part of Mrs. T. B. Bunch, mother of the bride, attired in a matronly costume, her raven hair powdered a snowy white, replied, "That's very kind of you, Liza. Would you mind getting the shears? I must cut a ribbon to tie Tillie's bouquet with. Everything else is ready, I believe."

Liza, known in private life as Bob Swanson, ob-

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tained the shears, and Rose commenced cutting a wide strip of yellow cheesecloth. Hastily she gathered up the bouquet, tied an immense bow, and laid it in the arms of the bride, and the procession began to form.

“For heaven’s sake,” broke in Owen, forgetting for a moment the dignity of the clergyman he was supposed to represent, “I can’t find the book with the service. Where in thunder is it?”

High and low the room was searched.

“I know I put it on that table,” he asserted. “Some one has probably stolen it. This is a pretty fix. I can’t begin to remember all that dope.”

A wandering witch floated in at the door. “Most ready to start down? Crowd is getting impatient, and the organist sent me to hustle things along.”

Another search ensued which took up several precious minutes. The committee were in despair. Were all their plans to be frustrated by the loss of the precious book?

“Liza,” exclaimed Rose, to the buxom negress, who stood unmoved during the excitement, placidly powdering the shiny spots on her face with lamp black, “do run downstairs and see if anybody knows anything about that book.”

“What book, Ma’am?”

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“O, a little brown book that has the service pasted in it. We just have to have it.”

“O, my Gawd, Ma’am,” ejaculated Liza, clapping her ample hand to her ample bosom, “I done stuck that book in here to help make my figger fine,” and she bolted from the room, returning a few minutes later with the precious book.

The signal was given, and to the strains of “I’d Love to Live in Loveland with a Girl Like You,” the procession moved slowly down the back stairs, through the hall and into the dining room.

First came the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, and the remainder of the procession followed, and placed themselves in the end of the dining room allotted for this purpose. It was a laughable spectacle. The bride, tall and dignified, was garbed in a flowing robe of red cheesecloth, encircled with sash of brilliant yellow. Pink hose, black satin slippers, and a long veil of gauze tastefully arranged with wreath of forget-me-nots, completed her costume. In her arms she carried a huge bouquet of cornstalks and cabbage leaves, tied with long yellow streamers. The groom was attired in a suit two sizes too large for him and was decorated fiercely as to mustaches. Mr. T. B. Bunch, father of the bride, leaned dejectedly on his spade. Being an old farmer and set in his ways, he wouldn’t relinquish that spade for any daughter.

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Mrs. Bunch, beside him, wiped her eyes openly, overcome at the prospect of losing her beloved daughter. Miss Justa Doughnut carried the ring, and Miss Carrie Veil kept the bride's veil from wiping up microbes from the floor. The maid of honor, Miss Fancy Leaves, was dressed in a costume of vivid green leaves, pinned closely over a white foundation. Mr. U. R. Best, the best man, rivaled the groom in his fantastic adornment. Misses Ima Dream, Sophia and Marie Yama-Yama, Violet Bluebell, and Messrs. Red Cloud Chippewa, Hans Lichtenstein, Happy Hooligan and High Jinks, as bridesmaids and ushers, completed the rollicking party.

After the laughter occasioned by their appearance had died away, Mr. O. U. Splicer proceeded with the ceremony.

“Dearly Beloved, it is a most happy occasion which has brought us here together tonight. We all are called upon to solemnly be witnesses of the uniting of a happy couple in our midst, a couple whom we not only appreciate highly, but recommend to all who should happen to be in similar circumstances, for their unusual zeal and untiring efforts to find each other, and get their hearts tied together.

“Many of us know, perhaps by sad experiences, yea, by real disappointments, how difficult this

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task often turns out to be. The conquest of a heart is a very delicate matter, and arouses very often the most tenacious jealousies of envying rivals.

“These two in our midst have triumphed over all obstacles and carry the palm of victory in their hands. We rejoice with them.

“Now before we proceed to unite you for life’s journey, let me give you some good fatherly advice. Take it as coming from one who knows only from hearsay what he is talking about. You have not only one, but two mothers. Have nothing to do with these old ladies.

“Be careful that never any canning business separates you, but should it be otherwise, see that you be canned together. Keep away from the doctor.

“I can foresee plainly, in looking at you, that you will have daily quarrels and serious disagreements. In such case consult any old maid or any old bachelor and follow their experienced advice.

“Are there any here present who know any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined together in matrimony? If there are, I charge you to make it known, or henceforth and forever hold your peace.”

Up jumped Liza.

“Judge, I seen the groom steal the ring from



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the cook this morning. He ain't no fit man to be trusted."

The Reverend O. U. Splicer turned accusing eyes on the groom.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"You'd steal a dozen rings for such a charming lady, yourself," boldly answered the accused.

"Right you are, let us proceed."

"I now direct myself to you, my beloved couple, in this, the most serious moment of your lives. T. B. Bacillus, wilt thou have this woman, Tillie Belinda Bunch, here present, to be thy undisputed treasure? Wilt thou love her, honor her, obey her, be faithful to her in prosperity and adversity, at home or at the sanatorium, as long as you both shall live? If this is your sincere wish, answer yes."

"Yep."

"Wilt thou promise to do the cooking, washing, scrubbing, baking, etc., see that the meals are served on time? Wilt thou promise never to serve cocoa or postum for breakfast, but always real coffee?"

"Yep."

"Wilt thou promise to be sweet-tempered, loving and affectionate at all times, and be a loving helpmeet to thy devoted wife?"

"Yep."

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Here the minister turned to the bride.

“Tillie Belinda Bunch, wilt thou take this man, T. B. Bacillus, here present, to be thy wedded husband? Wilt thou love him, cherish and honor him, and bring him up in the way he should go, so long as you both shall live? If this is thy sincere desire, answer I do.”

“You bet.”

“Wilt thou support this man in the style to which he has been accustomed; keep him supplied with silk hose, hair nets, and chewing gum?”

“You bet.”

“Wilt thou promise not to spend more than seven nights in the week at suffragette meetings?”

“You bet.”

“Wilt thou promise not to be ill-tempered when meals are unavoidably late, the bread sour or the steak burned, and never to swear when you can not find a collar button?”

“You bet.”

Turning to the groom again, the minister asked solemnly, “What token will you give to show that you will be faithful in performing these sacred vows?”

Here Miss Justa Doughnut presented the ring, a plain brown doughnut, sparkling with powdered sugar, and the groom placed it on the thumb of his bride’s right hand.

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“Let this ring be a token of your constant and true affection. Join hands. I now pronounce you man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bacilli. You are now open to congratulations.”

The crowd surged forward, but first in the line was Liza. She grasped the hand which the bride gingerly extended and exclaimed, “May the Lord bless you both, and accept my confabulations.”

The rest of the evening was given over to a short musical program, games, and refreshments. While part of the committee promoted the games, the rest busied themselves placing three tables where the bridal party had stood. These were stacked high with plates of sandwiches, doughnuts, cake, candy, and nuts, and steaming pots of coffee. When serving time came, the committee took their places and handed out loaded plates and filled cups. The coffee was a great treat, since its use generally was prohibited. At ten-thirty the crowd dispersed, all but the committee who surveyed the littered room, and the dirty dishes with feelings of dismay.

“Such a mess,” exclaimed Rose, in disgust. “It’s the first party I ever went to where people threw nutshells and scraps on the floor.”

“Well, you can’t expect much else, in such a big and mixed crowd. Some of these folks never went to a party before,” answered Owen.

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“Nothing for it, but to tackle it,” said Murray. “His Royal Highness said we must clean up the place. The waiters won’t do it.”

Dishes were carried out in the serving room, washed and put away, the floor was swept, tables and chairs put back, and decorations taken down. When the last bit was done, the committee sat down and rejoiced because the entertainment had been so successful as evidenced by the complimentary remarks they had overheard, and almost wept because they were so tired and nervous, and they registered a solemn vow that never again would they get things ready and clean up afterward.

“We tried to do too much, I guess,” admitted Rose.

“If we pull off another stunt like this we will have hemorrhages and die,” gloomily remarked Murray.

“O, you ray of sunshine,” commented Phyllis.

“O, you curly locks,” retorted Murray, pulling a shining curl as she passed.

“I’m tired, but just the same I’m glad we made a success of it,” and Rose sighed a relieved sigh.

“That’s just the trouble. Now His Royal Highness will put everything on to us. We’d have saved ourselves time and strength in the future if we had made a failure. You mark my words.”

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“Three cheers for Owen, the Prophet,” sang Phyllis. “I guess we are all too tired to talk any more. First thing you know we’ll be crabbing at each other. It’s twelve o’clock and time to skip to the cottage.”

“I wonder,” ruminated Rose, as they got ready for bed, “if we can rest tomorrow instead of exercising. I am too tired to breathe. I shall ask the doctor the first thing in the morning.”

## CHAPTER IX

### WHO'S WHO

Tamarack, November 4, 1913.

Darwin, my dear:

Just up from the evening rest hour. The sixteen of us are in the two dressing rooms, everybody in various stages of undress, some crocheting, some reading, some writing letters, and everybody talking a little at intervals. There is a big fire in the little heater, and Phyllis sits upon the floor, cuddling our cat, Michael Angelo, in her arms. Michael Angelo is our latest acquisition. Phyllis picked him up in Shillington, our nearest town, when she went to the dentist one day. He is such an angelic looking cat that we call him Michael Angelo.

I didn't mean to let a week go by without writing, but as I've mentioned before, I've been busy. The last three days before our Halloween party I didn't have a minute to spare, and since then I have been recuperating. Everything turned out about as we planned, and we can say that our party was a success. Even the knockiest of the knockers had a good time, but I really think there was

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too much excitement, and we worked too hard. I should think it would be better to have social times oftener, and not have them so elaborate. Then it wouldn't be unusual enough to cause so much excitement, but perhaps I don't understand.

Am I really enjoying myself? Yes, I am, especially now that I have my typewriter to use. Of course there are things which I don't like. There isn't any privacy with sixteen people in one small building, and some of them are not especially congenial, but since I can't afford anything better I am thankful to have this, and anyway, there are lots of funny things.

The food is quite often poorly prepared and very often is cold by the time it gets to us, and the eggs are awful. I seldom try them, but the bread is good, and so is the milk, and there is plenty of it. I always manage to get enough of something. Phyllis and I both are blessed with awfully plebeian appetites. How Mrs. Sullivan would rejoice to see me eat! Some of the more finical look askance at us because of our apparent disregard of certain things, but we get so tired of hearing people knock that sometimes we pretend to like things we really do not like. I notice, though, that some of those who complain the most about the food seem to thrive on it.

You ask about my new acquaintances. Maybe

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I'll not be good at pen painting, but I'll try. Let me introduce you to some of those who stand out clearest, and whom I like the best.

Nothing but your most conventional and well-bred bow will do for Miss Loraine Belmond, a living model of good form, quite easily the most stylish and attractive lady among us; a little too dainty for anything but a parlor, hence not as popular as might be. Fastidious to a marked degree she excites the ridicule of some, the tolerance of others, but is very well liked by quite a few. For myself, I consider her a most charming companion when I have on a silk frock, and my nails manicured nicely, and I really admire her enough to hope that some day I may enjoy her companionship under different circumstances. I love her for her dainty charm, her soft brown hair so simply done, her clean unruffled appearance, and her lovely manners. I'm constrained to shake her for her appreciation of her charms, and her tendency to dwell on former prosperous conditions.

A cordial handshake will be welcomed here. Miss Edith Dickman, a lady from top to toe, with a good substantial mind.

Next, to show how cosmopolitan we must be, Miss Choyce Washington, a lady of color. Her great pride centers in her switch of straight black hair, which crowns her own fuzzy top in delight-



## *Saints' Rest*

ful inconsistency. Loud-mouthed and noisy, she is a thorn in our flesh, but furnishes a certain amount of harmless fun. For instance, when Miss Stewart lamented the coat of tan on her neck, Miss Washington cheerfully remarked, "Use lemon juice, Stewart, I do." Or myself speaking, "Miss Washington, do you use hair curlers, or a curling iron?" Miss Washington: "O, la, Cappy, my hair is *naturally* curly. I never have to curl it."

Miss N. Mabel Daughan. Mabel spelled with an "e-l," mind you. A harmless lady of uncertain years.

May Stewart, good scout, full of fun, but level-headed. Past the first flush of youth, but with youth in her heart, she is a good friend for a quiet hour, and a gay companion for a frolic. Her rather plain face is redeemed by a wealth of soft, golden hair, and merry eyes. A fine musician, she furnishes much pleasure to every one.

Mrs. Ferber, a large Jewish lady, of rather pleasant appearance. She is a maternal soul, and will mother any one who needs it. Usually of calm demeanor, she has occasional spells of depression, occasioned by the misdoings of a son, who I suspect is something of a rascal. She has several children and glows with pride in speaking of all but this one. She speaks English badly, and her conversation is a delight to us. She has

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picked up various slang phrases from her children and uses them in the most serious way imaginable. Also she has a wonderful voice and when the mood is on, she will get into the middle of the floor here at the cottage, and sing a few lines from some ragtime favorite, in a manner to rival an operatic star. Her favorite selection, and ours, is "O, You Beautiful Doll, You great big beautiful doll, Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without you, Oh, you beautiful doll, You great big beautiful doll." When she is through, we all are shaking with laughter.

Phyllis Channing, my pal. I've written you a little about her before. The glow and go of youth are hers, a keen mind and a ready tongue, a college girl, boyishly slender, lithe and graceful. She surprises me by her clear insight, her grasp of the essential, and she captivates me by her youthful assurance, and amuses me by her frank expressions. Plenty of pep.

Permit me, Miss Daisy Baroni. Her regular features have given her the prestige of being the leading beauty. Serenely unconscious of her good looks she arouses no one's envy and all unite in loving little "Jimmy," as she is called.

We have also a delightfully pretty and giddy young person, Josie Scott, whose wilful disregard of the rules against the association of men and

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women is equalled (so far) only by her apparent immunity to discipline. Just now she and a young fellow, Art Nelson, have a terrible case on each other. You see if people of the opposite sex speak more than once or twice to each other they are immediately marked by the other patients and the nurses as having a "case" on each other. In this particular instance the point is well taken, so much so that I am in daily fear that they will be "canned." Not that I care about what happens to Art. From what I know of him by sight and from hearsay I don't think much of him, and I wonder what so bright and pretty a girl as Josie can see in him. She is a lovable little mischief, and I'd hate to see her get what is coming to her for her heedlessness.

There are quite a number of rather young girls in the other wing of our cottage. Some of them are almost as giddy as Josie, but exercise a little more caution. However, I rather admire Josie for her frankness.

Owing to the restrictions, there are only a few of the men I've met enough to feel acquainted with. While on the Halloween committee, I became rather well acquainted with the three men who were fellow-members. Just talking to men or just talking to women gets rather tiresome, so all six of us made the most of our opportunities, but

## *Who's Who*

we did good work on our committee and won the thanks of the doctor, though perhaps he didn't just like the good time we got out of it.

One of the men is a senior medical student. Dr. Hull introduced us soon after I came. We happened to be in her office at the same time for something, and later I met him accidentally one morning on my walk. He appears to be very nice, and I imagine will turn out to be as fine a doctor as Dr. Rutledge. Which reminds me that one day a new patient who knew Dr. Rutledge made a critical remark about him, and Mrs. Ferber, the Jewish lady who is one of his former patients, flew all to pieces about it, and then the rest of us said our little say, and the poor misguided person who made the criticism hasn't dared peep since. She is the only person I have heard criticize him, and he sends a good many patients here. They all seem to like him.

I started to tell you about Mr. Dunning, the medical student. He's 28, rather sober appearing, but has a merry twinkle in his brown eyes. He says he's going to finish his course, and then get a position in some tuberculosis institution. He's crazy about this kind of work, and thinks there is a fine chance to do something worth while. He doesn't say much about Dr. Leeds, but he doesn't approve of his methods in many ways. He, Mr. Dunning,

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thinks that ease of mind is more important to a patient with this trouble than almost anything else. for he says that if a person is worried or upset over things, he can't relax as he should, and he doesn't think the mental atmosphere here is what it should be. He says he has talked with Dr. Leeds quite a bit, and in theory the doctor agreed with him, and said that he didn't seem able to establish that spirit here. Murray said he could have told him why in a minute, but didn't think it policy to do so.

Of course some people would growl about anything anywhere, and some of those who complain the most, I am sure have had the least at home. One woman said that she thought we would be served our meals on a marble slab, and was indignant because she had to go to the main dining room. There is no excuse for such an attitude, except that of ignorance, but I don't believe that Dr. Leeds has the gift of handling all sorts and conditions of people. I like him better than most of the patients do, and I suppose I'll keep on liking him until he treats me as it seems he does some others.

Owen Bowling is the bright light among the men. He strikes me as being rather unusual. Not because of his looks, although he is a handsome fellow, tall, slender, very fair, with the rosiest

## *Who's Who*

cheeks and bluest eyes I ever saw. Phyllis and I have nicknamed him "Baby Doll." He pretends not to like it, but he does. He's a great jollier and certainly likes the ladies. I don't think he has had more than ordinary schooling, but he has the ability to absorb knowledge, and to make use of what he knows to the fullest extent, and he seems to have an inborn gift for getting along with people. When any one wants some one else to do something they don't want to, they send Owen to do the persuading. Everybody on the place likes him, patients, employes, and the administration, and the men like him as well as the women do. He has been Captain of his cottage, Paradise Alley, for a long time. In fact, nobody else has ever been found who can keep peace with the patients and with the administration too, and that reminds me, I've been delegated to the position of Captain in our cottage, and believe me, it is no sinecure. I think it is a mistaken policy to have a patient in nominal charge of the cottages, although so far things here have gone nicely. The girls call me "Cappy." I hand out the linen, see that the lights are out at nine, and everybody in, and that things are kept picked up. Also I am supposed to report any infractions of the rules and that is where the rub will come some time. I wouldn't mind reporting carelessness about sanitary things, or any-

## *Saints' Rest*

thing which seriously disturbed other patients, but there are so many things which some of the girls do which are infractions, and yet not especially serious, and I don't think it worth while to be labeled a tale bearer. If I were a nurse, it would be different for then anything of that sort would be my business.

I'll have to finish this tomorrow. It's time for bed now.

November 4th.

We had a thrilling experience last night. Everybody had gone to bed and was asleep when Miss Dickman, whose bed is next to mine, gave a terrible scream and said a rat had run across her face. We all jumped up. I turned on the lights and we chased that poor rat hither and yon. You'd have laughed yourself double if you could have seen us. Everybody was in pajamas or big clumsy sleeping garments, with hoods, caps and bed socks. I tell you we cure chasers look like freaks when we are garbed in our night clothes, against the chilly blasts that sweep in the open windows of our sleeping wards. This afternoon I composed a "poem" about the rat episode.

Saints' Rest was quiet, calm, and still,  
All seemed serene and well,  
Till Dickey broke the peaceful calm  
With a most unearthly yell.

## *Who's Who*

Eight heads bobbed up in dire dismay,  
Eight voices screamed, "O, my!"  
When Dicky said, "Here's a great big rat,  
O, I'm sure we all shall die."

Up in her bed jumped Ferber  
And knocked her watch on the floor,  
Wrapped all her blankets about her  
And wildly screamed for more.

The frisky rat ran merrily on  
And stopped by Josie's hat,  
"O, Captain, dear," she wildly cried,  
"Do come and kill this rat."

The Captain leaped from out her bed,  
Took three steps to the mile,  
The way she chased that rat, I vow,  
Would make a T. B. smile.

She grabbed it once by its two hind feet,  
But it jumped and got away,  
Ran out of the door and disappeared,—  
So ended this mighty fray.

Silly, I know, but it brought a laugh, and that was what it was meant to do. Ah, me, there was a time when I aspired to be a real poet. Will time, I wonder, ever bring the fruition of that early dream? I've missed the mark so far I almost doubt the effort. O, to be eighteen again, with only a future before me.



*Saints' Rest*

November 6th.

I felt too blue last night to finish my letter. I wanted to cry, but I don't like to cry before folks, and unless I hid in the shower bath or stuck my head in my locker, there wasn't any place I could be alone, so I put on my big coat, snuggled Michael Angelo into my arms, and sat on the steps. It was bright moonlight, and the Man in the Moon sent me such jolly smiles, and the stars twinkled so persistently, and Michael Angelo purred so contentedly that I found myself wondering how I could be anything but happy. O, I'll make up yet for all the grubbing years.

Yours always,

Rose.

## CHAPTER X

### MICHAEL ANGELO PROVES A POOR MESSENGER

Tamarack, November 10, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

Talk about excitement! We've been living through a melodrama. You remember what I wrote you a while ago about Josie and Art? Well, they've been taking long walks together, and three and four times as much exercise as they should. A few days ago Josie, the little silly, wrote a note to Art, tied it by a string to Michael Angelo's neck and started him in the direction of Paradise Alley. He goes there often, so she was sure he'd get there. He did, and so did Dr. Leeds, who saw the note and investigated. Yesterday he called Josie on the carpet and fired her. I was at Sunday school when it happened. When I got to the cottage she flung herself at me, and cried and cried, but said she knew she deserved it, and that Dr. Leeds had told her he was sending her away partly because of the example she set, and partly because he would rather give her place to some one who wanted to get well more than she did. It seems

### *Saints' Rest*

he knew more about her breaking the rules than she thought he did.

I suppose he was right, but she has no home, and I couldn't help but cry with her. In fact, almost every one in the cottage was in tears.

After supper Art slipped over to the cottage and talked to her out by the Big Pine. He declared he would go too, and wanted her to leave on the midnight train. She came in, half persuaded, and while we were convincing her what an indiscreet thing that would be, Dr. Leeds was out in search of Art. Evidently he surmised what might happen. He found him on the path between the two cottages, collared him, and took him to the main building, shut him up and put a guard over him. Early in the morning Art began to fight the guard, and then two patients, both hemorrhage cases, who were supposed to keep absolutely quiet, decided to take a hand. They heard the fuss, got into the room, and held the guard while Art got away. He wandered around the lake a while and then started down the track for the next station. Guess he didn't dare get on at the station here. Some of the patients were near the track when he went by and they said he waved his arm and shouted that he would never be captured alive.

The two men who helped him get away were both "canned," and told to leave on the next train,

### *Michael Angelo Proves a Poor Messenger*

which they did, and since it went in the wrong direction they got off at the first station, and stayed there until they could get a train out. An employe of the sanatorium who was in town that afternoon said they both were roaring drunk, and spitting all over the streets. Everybody here is excited and there is much talk. I don't say much for I don't know what to think. Of course there isn't any question but that the three men are undesirable citizens, but while their influence here is bad I am wondering if they won't harm more people away from here, where they will be absolutely free from restrictions.

As for Josie, she will have to go to work at something, and she isn't able. Of course I suppose Dr. Leeds had considered this, and I'm not pretending to sit in judgment, but one can't help but wonder if there isn't some way that would cause less hardship and trouble in the end.

A few of us get along pretty well, but there is much dissatisfaction, and lack of contentment, and a sort of fear all the time. It is trying for every one. For instance, the day after Josie was fired, the doctor sent for Mrs. Ferber to come to the office. She is the Jewish woman I wrote about, who has a family of grown children. She couldn't think of anything she had done which she shouldn't, but she was so afraid she would get a calling down

### *Saints' Rest*

anyway that she cried and refused to go alone, and it made us all excited. Finally Miss Daughan went with her. All the doctor wanted was to tell her that he had had a letter from one of her children asking about her.

Seems to me there is something wrong when an elderly lady of staid and sensible habits is afraid of a summons to the office. It doesn't always take a guilty conscience to make people afraid. I couldn't help Josie's tying that note to Michael Angelo, but I am deathly afraid he will be taken away from us. He is sitting on my lap now, and every once in a while he puts out a paw and taps a key on the typewriter.

It is only eight-thirty, but I am tired, so good night and pleasant dreams, my dear.

Rose.

Tamarack, November 11, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

The program committee was asked today to plan something for Thanksgiving. We had a short consultation right after dinner. Didn't plan much, but will have a regular meeting tomorrow between 7:30 and 8:30. We rather enjoy these meetings, for while we try to plan things that will interest everybody and give everybody a good time, we have a good time ourselves. We got quite well ac-

### *Michael Angelo Proves a Poor Messenger*

quainted working on the Halloween party. The three boys give us the viewpoint of the boys and we girls give the viewpoint of the girls on the various affairs of the community.

May Stewart left for home a few days ago. The doctor told her she was not well, but had probably received all the good she could from a stay here, and if she went home and took good care of herself for three months, possibly she could go back to work on half time. She actually felt encouraged, but it seemed sort of a dreary prospect to me, and makes me wonder if I am going to get out of here in six months. I feel better than I did, but am nervous and sometimes my temperature won't go down as it should, and every time there is any excitement my pulse runs higher than it did when I came. O, I don't suppose I should worry you with such remarks, but you always ask me to tell you just how I am. Won't I be glad when I am well!

I'm worried about Phyllis. Her voice is getting husky and thick. I persuaded her to go to the office for throat examination when they were giving throat treatment. The doctor said her throat was all right, but still I'm worried. I know something is wrong. Her voice hasn't sounded right for over a month. Besides, she coughs and raises more than when she came, but she hasn't any temperature, so keeps getting more exercise time.

### *Saints' Rest*

Such a horrid woman was sent down today to take Josie's place. She talks all the time, and has nothing to say, a tiresome combination, especially when you can't get away from it, and some of the girls delight in getting her wound up on some subject, just to annoy the rest of us. She is very curious to know what patients are provided for by their counties, and asked me who supported me. I told her my backbone, and she said, "Well, now, that's right nice, but I mean who pays your bills?" I told her that the U. S. Government was taking a hand in my affairs but I wasn't supposed to talk about it. She looked puzzled.

May's place was taken by Mary Middlestone, who seems very intelligent, and who is friendly enough to offset a rather abrupt manner. I wasn't going to like her at first, but I guess it was another case of jumping to conclusions, for we had such an interesting conversation today that now instead of wondering if I am going to like her, I am wondering if she is going to like me. Some difference.

I haven't had a letter from you for a week. If I don't get one tomorrow I shall start an outrageous flirtation with the Man in the Moon. He's a good friend of mine. Take heed.

As always,  
Rose.

CHAPTER XI  
THANKSGIVING FUN

Tamarack, December 1st.

My dear :

I know my letters the last two weeks have been short and unsatisfactory, but there has been little to write about. Even now I'm not sure you will especially enjoy hearing about our Thanksgiving, but I'll take a chance on it. I can at least fill up space and make you think you are getting a letter.

We didn't feel as ambitious about this party as we did our Halloween party. Too many people overworked on that, and we wanted something simpler and easier for us all. Finally we planned a book party. We picked out about thirty titles of books that could be easily represented. Then each member of the committee agreed to interview certain people and ask them to represent a certain book. It wasn't very hard to get people to do this, especially as we planned most of the costumes. Some of the people wanted to work up their own representations and of course we were glad enough of that.

We made a list of all the books to be represented



### *Saints' Rest*

and mixed the names in with a lot of others, and posted the lists in the various buildings. We did this because so many of the patients are not especially well educated, and we did not want them to feel that something had been planned for the few instead of the many. For refreshments we had cake, fruit, and ice cream, but of course the matron and kitchen help got that ready. All we had to do was to serve the seventy-five or eighty people present.

The dining room was cleared out as usual, except some chairs, and those who were representing some book wandered around and the rest tried to guess. Choyce Washington, the lady of color, dressed in white, even to a white sunbonnet, and powdered her face copiously to personate "The Woman in White," but alas for her efforts, everybody thought she depicted "Black Beauty." Some of the selections were "The Doctor," "The Little Minister," "Freckles," "The Prospector," "Under the Red Robe," and the "Wandering Jew."

Miss Harper, the matron, planned an extra nice dinner that day, and the food was extremely well cooked. We have a new cook. As a special favor the men and women were allowed to eat together, but as they were not allowed to choose their partners, it wasn't as much of a favor as it might have been. Plain white place cards were used, the men's

### *Thanksgiving Fun*

names being put on one side of the tables, and women's on the other, and your partner was the one you sat opposite to. Some of the boys tried to bribe the waiters to change cards, but the head nurse was detailed to watch things, so that didn't work.

I was lucky. I drew Bert Dalrymple, one of the committee, a nice young fellow, intelligent and jolly. We had a most entertaining conversation. Phyllis had to sit opposite Ikey, an old Jew, quite dirty and repulsive, who eats like a threshing machine, and always keeps one hand on the milk pitcher for fear he won't get his share, and Bert told a number of funny little things about him. He has a wife named Rosie (that is, Ikey has), and two girls, Sarah and Clara, and one day when he was writing to Rosie, one of the boys looked over his shoulder, and this is the way he ended his letter: "I will now close, with love and kisses, forty for Sarah, forty for Clara, and keep the rest for yourself." Goodness! who would ever think of kisses in connection with Ikey, but then, I suppose there must be all kinds of trimming for all kinds of cloth.

Owen drew Mrs. Ferber, and he has such beautiful manners and is such a good mixer that she had the time of her life, and he enjoyed it, too. He is not only nice to everybody, but enjoys it, which

### *Saints' Rest*

is more than some of us do. I either like people a lot, or feel so indifferent that it is hard to be nice. I wish I wasn't so much that way, for so many times I have found that one can often find companionship by looking for it. All good things don't appear on the surface.

Well, some of the people were so disgusted with the partners they got that they growled a lot about it, and the doctor said he would never try to please them that way again.

It is bitterly cold here now, and the lakes are frozen. I have not been out on the big lake yet, but there is a little pond up in the woods, which I visited today on my morning walk. The ice was not very clear, for the pond is shallow and full of rushes. They say there are pond lilies there in summer time. Right in the center of the pond is a tiny island, dotted with small symmetrical evergreens. I crossed over to the island, and wandered around it for a while, and found all sorts of treasures. Low bushed cranberries grew rather thickly, and I gathered a handful of the red berries, and in among the frozen moss were many pitcher plants. I had never seen them before, and had not supposed one could find them in the winter time. Here they were, no flowers, of course, just the little pitchers, as erect as possible and filled with ice. I picked a couple and brought them home. The

### *Thanksgiving Fun*

ice is melting, and I shall pack the pitchers in a little box and send them to you. I prowled around on the island as long as I could. I'm crazy to see this place in the summer time. If I do have to stay here that long, I surely shall get some books on trees, flowers, and birds, for there must be a wealth of material here.

I hate to get ready for bed tonight. I have been so uncomfortable since the cold weather began that I can't sleep well. I have ten blankets over me, and three under me, and I wear a winter union suit, a flannel gown, thick cap and bed socks, and use a hot soapstone, and yet I freeze, and the weight of all that stuff tires me out. I should think it would be just as cheap for them to buy one wool quilt and one or two soft blankets for each patient as to have so many of these hard, heavy blankets, which have no warmth. I think I shall write to Mrs. Sullivan to get a wool quilt for me. I suppose it will cost five or six dollars, but I just can't stand this lack of sleep and being so cold. Just medium cold weather isn't so bad, but this is dreadful. I don't see how the patients who are sick in bed and weak, can stand it. It is hard enough for us who are able to be up and around and to eat three meals a day to help give us energy.

O, I almost forgot to tell you. Mr. Barr and the others in the office sent me a big box of goodies

### *Saints' Rest*

Thanksgiving. There was a roasted chicken, cake, wafers, and rolls. We got permission for a little festive time last night, and consumed the goodies at one lick. I know that's slangy. I've heard more slang here than in all my life before. Well, the only thing I didn't share with the others was the box of candy you sent. Someway, I want every bit of that myself. Rose.

December 2nd.

Dear Darwin:

I forgot to mail my letter this morning, so might as well write a little more, especially as I'm so upset mentally that I have got to do something. This morning when Phyllis and I were out for our walk, we remembered that one of the girls was leaving for a short visit home, so we hurried down to the station to say good-bye. We got there just before the train got in, and one of the girls said to me, "Cappy, let's all get on the train and go as far as Zero, a little station almost three miles down the line, and walk back."

I asked the girls how much exercise time they had, and they all had more than enough to walk back, and as there would be plenty of time to take our half hour's rest before dinner, I supposed it would be all right, so assented, and we all jumped

### *Thanksgiving Fun*

on the train. Jimmie, who was going away on a visit, was the only one who had any money, and the rest of us had to borrow from her. We got off at Zero, which is nothing but a stop-off, not even a station, and walked right home. It never entered my head that any one would object, but some one who was at the station when we left went right up to the doctor's office, and told him about it, and tonight just before supper he came into the dining room, and gave us all a dreadful calling down, right before the whole crowd. He didn't mention names, but of course every one knew who had gone. He said things had come to a pretty pass when a bunch of girls, *girls*, would jump on a car, and ride no one knows how far, and so forth, and so on. I was so amazed at this tirade that I could hardly believe my ears. Maybe it was a mistake to go, but surely nothing as dreadful as he made out, and he might have talked to us by ourselves and asked how it happened.

I went to Dr. Hull and asked her about it, and she said he blamed me more than the others because I was Captain, and should have kept the others from going. I asked her if she thought I should go to him, and talk about it, and she said not to, because it would make matters worse. He had said his say and would not go back on it. You don't know how uncomfortable I feel. Not because

### *Saints' Rest*

I feel to blame for anything, but it hurts to be "bawled out," as the saying is, when you don't deserve it.

I'm beginning to understand why so many people feel discontented. It isn't because of the unavoidable unpleasantness, such as poorly cooked food, lack of good service when there is a shortage of help, or the inconveniences and necessary restrictions. Most of us would stand those things willingly, if we didn't have to feel afraid all the time. This is the first time anything has touched me personally, but I've seen it in the case of others. I feel like making a face at the doctor, and saying "Cross patch, cross patch, sit by the fire and spin."

He certainly can make people feel hateful.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XII

### A DISCOVERY

Tamarack, December 12, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

Today I had a rare hour alone in the cottage. Everybody else was exercising or visiting some one at the main building. You'll never guess what I did. It's almost too silly to tell. I primped. You see quite a while ago I heard Loraine Belmont tell May that she really believed I'd be nice looking, if I'd only doll up a little. Then she went on to enumerate my good points, extra nice complexion when I wasn't too pale, lovely hair if I'd fluff it out a little, fairly good figure, nice hands and feet. Also said I didn't have much style, but that was probably because of my clothes.

I had a haunting suspicion that she was right, and I resolved then and there to snatch the first chance I had to see just how nice I could look if I tried real hard. You see I've been wearing out a lot of old duds here, and they were never extra nice anyway, and I've worn my hair plainly, because it was easier. I didn't have courage to experiment with a whole bunch of girls around, so



### *Saints' Rest*

today when I found myself alone, I got busy. After a warm sponge bath I took a cold shower, and it did beat up a little more color into my face, and then I began fussing with my hair. I combed it a dozen ways and liked them all. It is quite thick now, but too fine and silky to fluff out much, but it's wavy, and after combing it a lot, it stood out pretty well, and I made loose puffs over my ears, and some big soft ones in the back. I used all my hairpins and robbed Phyllis of what I could find in her locker. Then I began trying on dresses that didn't belong to me. Never before in my life would I have thought of getting into another girl's belongings, but here everybody lends and borrows and thinks nothing of it. One of the girls had a lovely pink silk dress, cut a little low in the neck and with short sleeves. She had it sent up for the Christmas party that is to come. It fitted me very well, and I looked so different in it from what I do in my ordinary attire that I had to smile at myself. Funny what a difference clothes make. Never in the future will I economize on clothes as I have in the past, and I have resolved to buy one very nice dress right away.

When I got through surveying myself, I put things away, combed my hair down flat again, and was here at the table when the girls began coming in. I have been doing some figuring. I shall buy

### *A Discovery*

a rose-pink party dress, lovely black hose and the nicest slippers I can get, and I shall not tell a soul about it beforehand, and I am going to dress up for our Christmas party, and surprise a few people. It's extravagant, I know, but when have extravagance and I ever kept company before? I yield to the temptation to adorn myself.

December 12th.

The storm occasioned by the trip to Zero seems to have blown over. At least nothing more has been said, but I feel uncomfortable every time I see the doctor.

December 15th.

My new wool quilt came two days ago, and I slept like a top under it. I put four blankets under me, and fixed one crossways so that the ends can be folded up over the sides after the bed is made. This keeps out the wind. With the wool quilt I need only three blankets over me instead of ten, and it is a big relief. Wish I could get one for every patient here.

December 18th.

Dearest:

If I could put into my Christmas package all my loving wishes, and all my desire to see you, it would weigh so heavy, I couldn't afford to pay postage. The little gift I am sending you I hope we can

### *Saints' Rest*

read together some day, and laugh and cry over. I've read more since I have been here than for several years, and have been renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. I have not been able to get all the books you speak about reading, but I have read a few, and perhaps by the time we can read together I will not be so far behind you. Perhaps there may even be a few things I will be ahead in. I have been reading all I can find on tuberculosis, which isn't much, for the doctor doesn't like to recommend books for us to read. He thinks we get too many wrong impressions, but Mr. Dunning gave me some pamphlets on artificial pneumothorax, which I have been reading. You know I told you I wanted to find out if there was such a thing as a collapsed lung, as they said when I first came, the time little Nat died. What he had was a spontaneous pneumothorax, which means that an ulceration of a bronchus had eaten through into the pleural cavity, allowing air to enter. He was an advanced case, and the shock was too much for him. In certain cases some physicians advocate an induced or artificial pneumothorax for the purpose of obliterating cavities, and pushing out the pus which helps to poison the system, thereby keeping the patient from improving. In other words, the idea is to put the lung at rest so that it will heal up faster, even though it is put out of

### *A Discovery*

use. This of course puts all the burden on the other lung, and it seems there is much diversity of opinion as to the final results. I suppose the matter will be worked out more fully after a while. At present this method of treatment is very much an open question.

My goodness, what a subject for a Christmas letter! You will think I am crazy.

My real Christmas letter will be written after Christmas. We're planning a jollification and I am as busy as a bee, getting ready. Very few of the patients are allowed to go home at holiday time. The doctor holds that the excessive merriment common to the season, coupled with the journey is apt to do much harm. Some of the girls cried because they couldn't go, but I think they will all brace up. I don't believe I will be as lonely as I would be in the city. I don't mind being here at all, but how I wish you could be here too.

Good night, my dear.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XIII

### CHRISTMAS IN A SANATORIUM

Tamarack, December 26, 1913.

Dear Darwin:

What shall I write about? The weather first, because we had a glorious snowfall the day before Christmas, and "Every pine and fir and hemlock wore ermine too dear for an earl," and yesterday, Christmas morning, the sun shone cold and bright, and a nippy little breeze shook great masses of snow down on us from the heavily weighted branches.

Christmas in a sanatorium! How dreary that must sound, and dreary enough it was, to a few hapless ones, weak from wracking coughs and constant fever, and shut away from most of the mirth and joyousness, but to the rank and file of us cure chasers it wasn't half bad. Perhaps we all dreaded it a little, and so made an extra effort either to capture the Christmas spirit, or else make a good bluff at it.

The big party was on Christmas night, but Christmas eve each cottage had a tiny celebration of its own. The committee was so busy with the

### *Christmas in a Sanatorium*

big tree and getting the Main Building decorated that the other girls looked after the cottage decorations, and a wonderful effect they wrought, with hemlock boughs and cedar branches, and one tiny tree adorned with sparkling things. Each girl in Saints' Rest had purchased or made a tiny Christmas gift for some one (nothing over five cents on pain of death) and the packages were tied up and labeled promiscuously, one for each girl. Then a good many of the girls fixed up joke packages and addressed them to some one.

As soon as supper was over, we hurried back to the cottage and laid aside our usual habiliments, and attired ourselves in short skirts or dresses borrowed from the younger girls, and with our hair in childish braids or curls we gathered around the Christmas tree, and sang and made little speeches, and opened our packages, and the mirth and laughter that lay hidden in us all bubbled up and spilled over. Who wouldn't laugh, when the fastidious Loraine, a connoisseur in fine soap, opened a dainty package, perfumed and beribboned, and found a bar of laundry soap?

So Christmas eve passed merrily enough. Christmas day itself was not so pleasant, at least to me, and to explain why, I will have to go back a little. Some ten days before Christmas, those of us on the committee consulted with Dr. Leeds

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about the amusement for that day and evening, and told him that a number of patients had asked us to get permission for a dance Christmas night. He was not in sympathy with the idea, because while there were some it would not hurt, there were others whom it would and he had found that discrimination always made trouble. He asked us if we would like to dance, too, and we all answered yes. He asked how much exercise time we had and then said that if dancing would not hurt the rest any more than it would us he would have no objection, but it would, and he hoped we would plan something else. We told him that while we would enjoy a dance ourselves we were willing to have some other kind of an entertainment, and the meeting adjourned with that understanding.

We began planning a short musical program, but most of the people we asked to take part said that if they did that, they thought we should try to please them by having a dance. When we told them that the doctor was not in favor of it, they told us that he had told some of them that the matter rested entirely with the committee. It is true that he did leave the matter with us, but he had showed so plainly that he didn't want us to have the dance that we gave it up, but we couldn't get the rest of the patients to believe us, and they badgered us and made things so horrid that we fi-

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nally went to the doctor the second time and asked again. He was not a bit pleased, but said that those who wished to dance could send in their names and he would consult their records and make a list of those who could take part. I thought we had made it clear to him that we were making the request simply because of the pressure that was brought to bear on us, but it later transpired that he either didn't understand it that way, or chose to ignore that part of it.

Unfortunately, Phyllis and I decided that since there was to be a dance, and he had already virtually given us permission, we might as well send in our names, which we did, and then unfortunately, one by one, the girls who had had the most to say and had been the most unpleasant backed out. One said that she hadn't thought about its being Christmas, and she didn't believe it was right to dance on Christmas night; another said that she had been spitting blood and guessed she had better not ask, and another said that since her sister had recently died, maybe it would not look right for her to dance, and so forth and so on, until it actually transpired that Phyllis, a Miss Hanson, and myself were the only three girls who sent in their names, and Miss Hanson said that she sent in hers just to see if the doctor would tell her something about her condition, since she would know better



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than to dance, even if he gave her permission, as she was running a temperature over 101, coughing and expectorating profusely. I knew about the temperature because her bed is across from mine, and she always tells me how high it is, and talks about how badly she feels. I also knew that she was a far advanced and unfavorable case because I had helped out in the office one day, and had seen her record, and Dr. Hull had told me that she was kept at the cottage simply because there was no other place for her.

Christmas morning came, and while we were finishing up the decorations in the dining room, I asked Murray to get the list from the doctor so that we would know what to plan on. He came back and reported that only three girls had enrolled, and that the doctor had said that both Phyllis and Miss Hanson could dance, but not I, and since he could not allow a dance with only two girls he would have to forbid it entirely.

I didn't mind not being allowed to dance, but I did mind being treated that way, for of course it was very plain that his discrimination was not made on the basis of what would be harmful. He either took the attitude that because I was chairman of the committee I should have refused to heed the wishes of the others, or else that because so few had asked when it came to a showdown, that

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I had exaggerated my statements about the wishes of the majority. For a little while I could have eaten alive those girls who had hounded me into going to him the second time about the dance, and then backed out, but I was angrier still at him for not believing me, and for the childish way he was acting. Miss Hanson had no exercise, had had a temperature of over 101 for several days, was a far advanced and unfavorable case, and I had all morning's exercise, two hours in the afternoon, and was classified as incipient and favorable, and of course every one was surprised to learn that Miss Hanson had been granted permission but not I, and they felt as I did, that it was not a question of suitability but one of preference. O, I was mad, not angry, that is too nice a word, just plain mad. If it had not been for the sympathy of those around me, it would have spoiled my day. We were decorating the big tree when Murray told us, and for the life of me I couldn't help but cry, not because I had wanted to dance so badly, but because of the lack of consideration the doctor was showing in the face of all the work I had done since coming, on the committees, when I might have been reading, crocheting, or resting. When the tears got beyond me I went behind the Christmas tree, and Owen, who is a born peacemaker, faithfully followed and tried to assuage my wounded spirit.

### *Saints' Rest*

“Now, Miss Marohn, please get that look out of your face, dry those tears and look like yourself again. It’s rotten, I know, but we all get it once in a while.”

Between his sympathy and Murray’s cheerful admonition to show that I didn’t care a bit (he really said damn), and my own knowledge of a certain rose-pink dress which I had been hoarding to make myself resplendent with that evening, I rallied enough to put on a more or less cheerful front during the rest of the day.

That evening I sort of dreaded getting ready in the midst of all the bunch in our cottage, but I found that all the rest of the girls were primping to such an extent that my efforts didn’t appear conspicuous. After a most thorough grooming of my person I fluffed up my hair, and pinned it in loose, soft puffs, and when I donned the lovely rose-pink dress with its soft folds I looked nearer twenty than twenty-six, and the girls said such lovely things about how I looked that I felt well repaid. All the girls looked extra nice, but Phyllis was prettiest of all, with her lovely golden hair, and pink cheeks. She is twenty, and looks about sixteen. She is not feeling well, though, and her throat is getting huskier and huskier, and she expectorates so much more than she did when she came that I wonder her exercise time is not cut

### *Christmas in a Sanatorium*

down instead of being increased. The doctor tells her that she has considerable bronchitis, and that that is what makes her cough so much.

Well, we all trooped up to the main building. I wish you could have seen the dining room, which was cleared for the occasion. The cedar wreaths and hemlock festoons which we had made helped to conceal the bare, ugly walls, and Christmas bells and bunches of holly hung from the chandeliers, and the tallest, loveliest Christmas tree I have ever seen stood on the spot of honor, and blazed with twinkling lights and glittering ornaments.

A short program, and simple, homely games filled in the evening. We had made over two hundred candy and nut bags, and these were brought in by Walter Strensloski in the guise of Santa Claus. All in all, it was a fairly pleasant evening, although Phyllis and I and some others on the committee were too tired to enjoy it as much as we might have. I was glad when the crowd dispersed. On our way home Phyllis and I vowed by the light of the silvery moon that we had done our last work on entertainment committees. I could stand it if it were not for the constant disturbance of the mental atmosphere, and the always present fear that something unpleasant was going to happen. Some of this I imagine would be present under any management, but much of it could be avoided.

### *Saints' Rest*

Phyllis, who has had a number of set-tos with the doctor, has determined to go home the next time anything disturbing occurs. If I had a home where conditions could be as they can be in her case, I'd go too, for all these misunderstandings are hurting me.

There, I've written pages and never mentioned your package which came this morning. It was the last package that came for me, the last, the best and the dearest. Your selection of books touched the psychologic moment all right. I need their stimulation. I don't begin to feel as cheerful and contented as I did two months ago, but no doubt the clouds will pass, and I'll be myself again.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TROUBLE

Tamarack, January 3, 1914.

My dear :

Do your parishioners come to you with all their troubles? If so, I should think you'd return my letters unread, or at least not say that you find them refreshing. Lately I seem always to have something to growl about, and while I'm not to blame for that, I suppose I might refrain from writing about it, but you know a trouble shared is a trouble halved. A terribly selfish doctrine, of course.

Phyllis has gone home, went yesterday morning, and such a time as we had before she left! She and I both had been unusually busy before Christmas, and had let a few unnecessary things pile up on our bedside tables, in the ward, and after Christmas we were tired and the weather was so cold that it was all we could do to make our beds, let alone straightening up our tables.

Three or four days after Christmas a nurse who was inspecting our ward said that the head nurse had told her to see that no extra things should be

### *Saints' Rest*

left on the tables. Phyllis and I were making our beds at one end of the ward, and she was at the other, and didn't address anybody in particular, simply made the remark in general. I turned to Phyllis and said that we did not have time to do so before taking our exercise, but had better do it as soon as we could get ready, and I added further that it was a pity we could not use our tables for anything we wanted to. The nurse, a snippy young article, very proud of the newly acquired dignity of her cap, overheard the remarks, and since she had a grudge against Phyllis because once or twice Phyllis had laughed when the dignity had been rather apparent, she reported to Dr. Leeds that Miss Channing had been impudent to her, and attributed to Phyllis the remarks I had made.

Phyllis was called on the carpet, and Dr. Leeds cleared his throat impressively: "Miss Channing, one of my nurses tells me that you have been impertinent to her, which is something I can not tolerate."

Phyllis, who had listened in surprise, declared that she had said nothing which could be understood that way, and asked the doctor to explain.

When he told her she asserted that she had said nothing of the kind, whereupon the doctor cleared his throat again, and said icily, "I always take the word of my nurses in preference to that of my

## *Trouble*

patients," and when Phyllis remarked that in this instance he might better change his custom, he flew into a rage, called her a liar, and aired out all the trifling misdemeanors that had occurred since she came. When he finished his tirade, Phyllis, who is a little cyclone when she gets started, told him that possibly she had said or done some of the things he mentioned, and while they might have been foolish or careless, they certainly were not criminal, and she didn't propose to be treated like a convict, and if all the bad things she had ever said or done were put together they couldn't begin to do the harm that some of his injustices had done to people, and that she would leave the institution at once.

She flamed out of the room and came down to the cottage, where she told me about the affair, and when I reminded her that I had made the remarks which the nurse overheard, she said that they must have gone in one ear and out of the other because she could not even recall hearing them. Of course I went right up to the main building, and as the doctor was busy then I told the head nurse that I had made the remarks which Phyllis was being held guilty of, and she promised to tell the doctor. You may be sure I went around with my heart in my mouth the rest of the day, and that evening the doctor sent for me to come to the of-



### *Saints' Rest*

face, and he addressed me precisely as he had Phyllis. I told him I presumed he referred to certain remarks which the nurse had supposed were addressed to her, but which I had made to Miss Channing, and that I was sorry the nurse had taken them as meant for herself. Then the doctor thundered: "Tell me why you said, 'It is a pity we can't use our tables for anything we want to?'" I told him because I thought it *was* a pity; that the articles in question, while not looking especially tidy, were doing no harm, and that if it was a convenience for us to have them there for a time I could not see why we shouldn't, but that perhaps I would not have spoken as I did if I had not been unusually tired and nervous. "That is no excuse," he snapped, "such remarks are a direct reflection on my administration, and should never be made." He then proceeded to talk to me as he had to Phyllis, and dilated on everything he could think of. He spoke about the time we girls had gone to Zero, and the time some of the younger girls in the cottage dressed up like boys, which I had not told him about, since it was none of my business, but which Choyce Washington had reported to him, because she was mad at the girls, and finally he made a remark which made me as raging angry as Phyllis had been. He said the night nurse had reported that instead of being in bed one night when

## *Trouble*

she made her rounds just after nine I was not only up but out of the cottage. I was so astonished that I blurted out, "That isn't true, whoever said that is a liar."

His face went white and he said, "I would not have spoken without sufficient evidence. I always take the word of my nurses in preference to that of my patients. Your bed was empty and you were not in either of the dressing rooms." Suddenly I understood. Miss Dickman had left for home and I had moved my bed from its usual place near the door to her place at the farther end of the ward, on account of the beautiful view from that end, and had moved her empty bed into my place. All the girls knew of the change, but I had not thought of mentioning it to any of the nurses, and since the orderly had not had time to take the bedding away, it looked as though the bed were occupied. The night nurse, instead of walking clear down the ward when she makes rounds, simply opens the door, holds up the lantern, and glances down the ward and it is absolutely impossible to see the beds at the farther end by that faint light. Of course, since the empty bed was next the door and since I had been occupying that place, she jumped to the conclusion that I was out. If she had investigated as she should, she would have found me tucked up in my little bed. I was awake when she

### *Saints' Rest*

opened the door, but never dreamed of her thinking I was gone. She must have known there was one empty bed in the cottage, for she knew Miss Dickman had gone. As soon as I realized how the misunderstanding had occurred, I explained it to the doctor, and because I was angry I told him that if some of his nurses were half as zealous in finding out the truth as they were about spreading false tales, such mistakes wouldn't occur. He was terribly angry. I suppose it hurt dreadfully to have been in the wrong twice, and be found out, and he rose, made a bow, and said "You may go now." Not a word about being sorry he had criticized without knowing the truth, or that he was sorry a mistake had been made.

There are two or three girls, in the other cottage, who get up after nine once in a while and meet some of the boys outside, which naturally is very much against the rules, but I have not been out, either before or after nine. All the talking I do is done at the main building. Sometimes when we have been working on things for our entertainments, at the doctor's request, in the main building, we have all walked home together, which took about three minutes. The trouble with Dr. Leeds is that he always looks for the worst. Of course in some instances he has reason to, for there a good many who take advantage of what privileges

## *Trouble*

are allowed, and who are not above protecting themselves by a lie, but he should not take such things for granted, any more than his patients should believe that he is dishonest and unscrupulous because there are doctors who are.

I left the office and met Dr. Hull in the hall, and she saw from my face that something had happened, and drew me into her office, where I told her about the matter and about all the other things that have been unpleasant, these last two months. She didn't say much, of course. I didn't expect her to, but she gave me her shoulder to cry on, and I felt better.

Well, the patients are not the only ones who don't always get along with the administration. The doctor and the steward don't get along very well. Recently they had an altercation which was overheard by one of the patients. The doctor told the steward that he could consider himself discharged.

The steward, a very bland, harmless looking individual, albeit a portly one, made answer: "Very well, Dr. Leeds, that is your privilege, but before I leave I shall take you out in the yard and give myself the privilege of pounding hell out of you."

The steward is still here, and hell is still bottled up.

*Saints' Rest*

January 4, 1914.

I'm glad I didn't send this yesterday, for this morning Dr. Hull told me that Dr. Leeds had an appointment under the United States Public Health Service to investigate and study the tuberculosis problem as it is handled in Germany, and will leave very soon to take up his new duties. She has known about the coming change for some time, but it is only now made public. I'm not saying much, for while I'd be willing to gamble on the change, yet things could be worse, much as some people would hate to admit.

I don't know whether the change was voluntary or not on the part of Dr. Leeds. His new position is a very good one, and I should think more desirable than this, but at any rate, I am sorry for him. He is such a brilliant man that he should make his mark. Perhaps he will in his new position. He certainly has not done so here. I wonder if he realizes his unfitness for the place here. I don't believe he does. He surely does not see that the bridge he has not crossed is spanned by the love of humanity for humanity's sake.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XV

### SLEEPING BEAUTIES

A sanatorium at best furnishes a hot bed for idle talk, and the impending departure of Dr. Leeds, with the consequent expectation of a new superintendent, made foundation for an unlimited amount of comment and conjecture. For a time the men forsook their beloved card games, and the women their eternal crocheting, and busy tongues buzzed until Rose privately declared to Dr. Hull that everybody deserved to be stung.

“I can't say that I feel so terribly excited about the change. Of course I'm hoping it will be for the better, and I really believe it will be, but since there is to be the change, what is the use of digging up ancient history, culling over modern, or forecasting the future, thereby starting arguments and wearing out your perfectly good tongue. When I've told a thing once or twice I'm ready to stop, and when I've heard a thing once or twice I'm ready for the other fellow to stop, too, especially when it is something that's past and done for. I've no call to love His Royal Highness, and I'm ready to do homage to the new one, as long as he deserves

### *Saints' Rest*

it, but O, me, I'm so tired of the ceaseless clatter, I could run and hide."

"I've often wondered," answered Dr. Hull, "if something couldn't be done to curb the tendency to gossip unduly which is usually so prevalent in a place like this, even under a more acceptable reign. Idle people are bound to talk, and cards and crocheting and exercise don't take up all the time."

"I wouldn't know just what to suggest for the winter," interposed Rose eagerly, "but in the summer there could be Fauna and Flora societies, and simple outdoor games like croquet, and flower gardens, and those who didn't like one thing could take part in another, and those who were too ignorant or grouchy to care for anything could go off by themselves and grouch all they pleased. We could have lovely times if the doctor didn't always get mad about something."

Dr. Hull looked serious. "If you'll take my advice, Rose, you will stick pretty close to your bed for a while. You're too ambitious, and too excitable, and these last two months have been hard on you. I couldn't say this before, though I've wanted to. First thing you know you'll have been here six months, and not be ready to go home. If you were not so sensible, I wouldn't speak so plainly, but I know you are the kind that needs straight facts, and are steady enough to go by

### *Sleeping Beauties*

them. I cut down your exercise time this morning, and I want you to spend all your extra time resting, so that we can get this unsteady pulse and erratic temperature where they belong.”

Rose’s face clouded a trifle. She had suspected she was not doing so well as she had at first, but it hurt to be assured of the fact. From where she sat, in the assistant doctor’s office, she looked out across the wide expanse of lake that showed a smooth unbroken cover of snow.

“I’ll be glad to rest more,” she said, “but simply lying in bed won’t rest a person unless the mind is at ease, and you know how things have been, most of the time, not just with me, but with almost everybody. I’ve fared better than some because I was useful. Somebody always upset mentally, and such a hubbub of confusion and dissatisfaction so much of the time. I don’t mean we patients are always right. I know we make mistakes, and are unreasonable at times, but you know how Dr. Leeds is, losing his temper, and not looking on any side but his own.”

“I’ve worked with him three years,” commented Dr. Hull dryly, “I rather think I get your viewpoint.”

A sharp whistle broke in on the conversation, and both women moved to the window from which in the distance they discerned puffs of smoke that



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told them No. 88 was in. At sound of the first whistle, a dozen or so men, returning from their walk, stopped in the road that passed by the window, and when the second whistle blew, announcing that No. 88 was on her way, up went their hats, and out from their throats rang the cry: "The King is dead. Long live the King."

Dr. Hull turned hastily from the window to hide her mirth.

"Oh!" gasped Rose, "that was impudent, but wasn't it funny! When will the new King arrive?"

"Late tonight. The steward will go to the station with the driver and see that he gets settled, and tomorrow I'll do the honors."

"Have you ever met him?"

"Once, two years ago, when I visited the sanatorium he was in charge of then. It wasn't so large as this, but better equipped in some ways. I'm thinking he'll find it hard here until he has time to get a good many things changed, and of course things that need legal sanction first, take time, but unless I miss my guess there will be marked changes of a minor nature in many ways before long."

Here the conversation was interrupted and Rose joined the throng in the reception room, waiting the last signal for supper. She did not catch a

### *Sleeping Beauties*

glimpse of Dr. Murdock until late next morning when he was observed making his way with Dr. Hull on morning rounds. Muffled as he was in a big fur coat and fur cap, not much could be seen of his personal appearance. As they neared the cottage, every eye in the west wing was upon them, and Rose remarked, "I wonder if he doesn't hate to be stared at so much. Let's pretend to be asleep if he comes in the ward."

No such resolution was taken in the east ward, and the new superintendent, despite the nippy atmosphere and the amount of work awaiting him, took time to be introduced to each individual, and to pass the time of day. A few minutes were spent in the dressing room, where a few girls were busy crocheting or reading. Then they entered the west wing, where every hand was peacefully folded, and every eye religiously shut. In silence the two doctors traversed the length of the ward.

"Bless me," said the doctor, as they turned back. "What is this, a whole ward full of sleeping beauties?"

As the door closed quiet giggles and laughter issued from the lips of the sleeping beauties, but when they gathered in the dressing room, and learned that they had missed a personal introduction, they bitterly repented their conspiracy of silence.

### *Saints' Rest*

Swiftly, but unobtrusively, Dr. Murdock assumed the duties of his position. Familiar with the work of an institution, he found it fairly easy to grasp the general routine, and Dr. Hull was an excellent assistant with details at her finger tips. It was a hobby of the new doctor that a successful administration from any point of view, resolved itself into an administration which had both mental and physical welfare of the patients at heart, and he set himself diligently about to make himself a friend as well as a physician; and partly because he had himself once been a patient, partly because his nature was full of the milk of human kindness, partly because he had an unusual sense of fair play and love of harmony, he always had time to hear the other person's side of any subject whatever, and in an unbelievably short time he endeared himself to both patients and employes. He made no radical changes at first, but he gave heed to trifles that seem so little in one sense, but that make for peace or annoyance, and the reign of fear and distrust was replaced by one of confidence. No one was afraid to talk to him, to question why or wherefore, and even when his knowledge of what was right, and his directions clashed with ignorance, prejudice or unreasonableness, he had the happy faculty of not engendering anger or

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dislike, except in rare instances, and when he saw that patience and forbearance had lost their virtue, his words of dismissal came sternly but without malice.

## CHAPTER XVI

### JUST FUN

Tamarack, February 8, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

Were you ever near a beehive, or a Ladies' Aid? Then you know what this place is like. Before the new superintendent came, everybody talked about everything that had ever happened under Dr. Leeds' administration, conjectured about the change to be, and after Dr. Murdock was actually here, the buzzing went right on. Believe me, he's been dissected and analyzed from the top of his head with its slightly gray hair to the bottom of his russet shoes, with their rubber heels. He's smooth faced, and gentle voiced, and he has the most characteristic smile I ever saw. His whole bearing radiates patience and sympathy. Really, Darwin, I never saw the like. The man always has time to talk to everybody. He doesn't seem to care whether he eats or not. He lets people impose on him a lot, but they trust him, and like him. He's not slack. He's really very strict about all important things, but he's so pleasant that one doesn't mind having a request refused, and when he reprimands, they say he does it in such a way that they

### *Just Fun*

feel most awfully ashamed, and he doesn't act as if he had it in for them afterward. He doesn't seem to think that because a person makes a mistake once, he is an entire fool, and he gives credit for what sense people do have, and pities instead of censures for what they don't have. He seems to see the best in every one, and has so many pleasant things to say. For instance, yesterday I took Dr. Hull half a dozen roses from the bunch that Mr. Barr and the office force sent me. My cheeks are quite pink most of the time now, and when I went into her office, he was there, and said smilingly, "Roses in the hand, and roses on the cheeks."

He doesn't set himself up like an autocrat, and he realizes that it is much easier to follow instructions when you see a reason for them, and he is always ready to explain, and the more ignorant the person, the more patient and forbearing he is. I don't suppose he always feels that way. No doubt he gets mad as a hornet at some of the senseless things that are said and done, but he keeps it pretty well to himself. Murray has talked with him quite a bit, and he thinks he is a wonder, says he seems to have such a conception of getting the relation between the abstract ideal and the concrete reality. Now that is such a nice sounding phrase that I'm going to stop right here.

Rose.

*Saints' Rest*

P. S. This isn't much of a letter. In fact, I'm afraid most of my letters are not, but I love you so much that I want you to experience all these things with me, just as I want you to write me about what you do, how you live, the people you meet, and the work you do. My letters are nothing to what I'll say when I can talk instead of write. You won't know me, but I hope you'll love me just the same.

Rose.

Tamarack, February 16, 1914.

My dear :

Two funny things happened this morning. I'm still smiling about them.

Funny thing No. 1: Little Jimmie, who went home for a visit the time we girls went as far as Zero, had to stay home all this time because her sister was very ill, but she returned late last night. Of course she had not seen the new superintendent, and when she and I happened to be alone in the dressing room, he made his rounds. We didn't see him coming, and didn't hear him rap. He thought there was no one in, and walked right into our dressing room, where he found Jimmie sitting on the floor trimming her toenails, and me washing my hair.

He was taken aback for a moment, and stammered, "Oh, how are you this morning?"

## *Just Fun*

“I’m all right,” said the irrepressible Jimmie, “but who are you?”

“Young lady,” he said, and smiled his characteristic smile, “I’m the man that puts a quietus on saucy little girls. Get right up from that cold floor and sit on a chair.”

By that time I had the soap and water brushed out of my eyes, and introduced Jimmie to the doctor. She gasped a little, but made a dainty curtsy, the scissors in one hand and a piece of toenail in the other. Why is it that doctors almost always make rounds when we are looking our very worst, and almost never when we are dolled up a little? Are you ministers like that? Do you make your calls in the morning when the lady of the house has her hands in the dough, or is blacking the stove? If you do, I’ll break you of it. I know how it feels.

Funny thing No. 2: This afternoon I cleaned out my locker. It was so full that when I opened the door a dozen things, including a jar of cold cream, fell out and hit me on the head. They hurt, and I was so disgusted that I sat upon the floor and wept. The girls tried to cheer me by composing headlines in case the blow should result in my death, and finally under the influence of such captions as “Cold Cream Jar Kills Consumptive,” and “Captain Marohn Meets Death in Performance of Duty,” I giggled in spite of myself, but



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let me tell you, Darwin Burney, when we are married I want a house that is one-half closet space. Living in a locker doesn't appeal to me. If only we could have one-half or even one-third of a dresser it wouldn't be so bad. Guess I'll ask the doctor to estimate for some dressers so we can have more room for our things. Being a married man he ought to realize how very necessary it is to a woman's peace of mind to have plenty of room for her clothes, cold cream, and all such important and unimportant things.

I do believe I've not written you a word about Mrs. Doctor. She has been here only two weeks, but we are ready to rave over her just like the doctor. Do you get my meaning? If not, take it either way. It's all right.

They are not to live in the cottage until spring, when it can be fixed up a little, so they have rooms in the main building. She is just as friendly and sociable as the doctor. She doesn't seem a bit afraid of us. She evidently knows enough to know that the only dangerous consumptive is the unknown or careless one. She joins us quite often in our card games, is a good musician and plays quite a bit, talks over crochet patterns and crochets with us, and is ready to discuss any subject we get started on. She is fond of walking and several times has gone with me on my exercise. I'm get-

*Just Fun*

ting more rest than I did, though, and getting more good out of what rest I take, for everything is pleasant and peaceful. There hasn't a soul in our cottage had hysterics since the new doctor came. I'm eating, sleeping, and resting as if I hadn't another interest in the world. Maybe I'll get out of here in another month.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XVII

### A VISIT TO THE CITY

Tamarack, March 1, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

So you're tired of getting post cards in place of letters, and consider them miserable imitations. Don't blame you, but you see it was post cards or nothing. After I wrote my last letter, I took it into my head to walk down to the lake via the steep hill, by the most direct route, which meant straight down. It was such fun that I came back the same way, but found the fun a minus quantity. It's a steep path, rocky and rough, like the one you've heard about, that is "all long, no wide, uphill and stony as the devil." That's a quotation, mind you, Mr. Minister.

There was still enough snow to hide some of the stones, and I fell a dozen times or so. I didn't mind the bruises so much, but I've not done anything strenuous for so long that I lost my breath, and hurt my chest a little. I was all in when I reached the cottage, and all at once felt choky and spit up a mouthful of blood, so I went to bed, and wasn't allowed to be up for a week and received a nice talking to from both doctors.

### *A Visit to the City*

I feel all right now, but when I talked to Dr. Murdock about going home he advised against it. I told him I didn't have money enough to stay longer, and he advised me to ask for a certificate from my home county for a few months. I hated to do it, but after listening to his reasons, decided I would. If I went back to work now, and couldn't stand the steady strain, I wouldn't have money of my own like I did this time, and it would cost more in the long run than to stay a few months longer. He gave me permission to go to the city for a week or ten days, and I am going tomorrow. I think either Mr. Barr or Dr. Rutledge can arrange the certificate business with the authorities. As soon as that is off my mind I'm going to get some new clothes, and get my teeth fixed up. When I came here I weighed an even hundred, and now I'm one hundred and twenty. I have had to let out all my clothes, but now they won't be let out any more, and are worn and shabby, anyway.

I am quite excited about the trip. It will be so much fun to see the folks in the office, get some pretty clothes, and see something besides trees and snow. Phyllis wants me to stay with her, but I guess she is not doing well at all, and her mother probably has enough on her hands, so I'll stay with Mrs. Sullivan.

### *Saints' Rest*

Writing about that little hemorrhage I had makes me think of some fun Owen told me the boys had with a new patient that was sent down to Paradise Alley. There were two empty beds and he had his choice. After he had his bed made, his bedside table fixed up and gone for his walk, one of the fellows hunted around until he found a dozen cockroaches, and put some of them on the bed, some on the bedsprings, some on the table, and when the man came back he noticed the creatures, and the boys told him they were hemorrhage bugs, and said that all the previous occupants of that particular bed or that particular corner had been hemorrhage cases, and he ought to be extra careful to keep from getting infected with hemorrhage bugs. The man was sort of a simpleton, and was so scared that he rushed right up to Dr. Murdock and asked for another bed in another place. The doctor convinced him that they were playing a joke on him, but just for fun he made the fellow who caught the bugs change places with the simpleton. Mercy, these poor superintendents! What don't they have to do!

I expect this will be the last letter I'll write until I get back from my jaunt. O, how I wish you were to be there too.

Rose.

*A Visit to the City*

Tamarack, March 12, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

Back to the san again! I was crazy to get away, but crazier still to get back. Not but what I had a grand time. I didn't lose any weight, and I only ran temperature once that I know of, and everybody thought I looked perfectly well, and that it was absurd for me to come back; all but Dr. Rutledge. He thought I was looking well, very well, but said I should go back and stay until Dr. Murdock told me to leave. Said it took a long time for one's lungs to heal permanently and it was easier to make mistakes than to undo them, and now that I was better satisfied with things, and wasn't nervous and upset all the time, I'd probably keep right on improving if I gave myself a chance. He talked just like Dr. Murdock did about permanent results in place of temporary ones, etc. After the first few days I could see for myself that I wasn't ready to keep up with well people. I tried to rest as much as I did at the san, but goodness me, the girls in the office came to see me, I was invited out to dinner twice, and Mrs. Sullivan insisted on having a party for me (grand eats). Was there ever a time when I loathed the sight of her table? I had my teeth fixed up, twelve good dollars it cost me, did considerable shopping, went to two or three good theaters, and was giddier than I had ever

### *Saints' Rest*

been. It was such fun to have time for a good time and to feel well. I don't believe I ever felt so well before, but still I know I couldn't keep it up.

I could have gone right back to work in the office, and really it was a temptation, for even though I got my certificate all right I'm so short of money I'll have to economize to get by another four months, or so, in idleness, but still one can get along on just a little. Poverty and I have been companions for so many years I'd hardly know how to get along without her, and after all, I guess I haven't known real poverty since I began earning my own living, even though I did economize so closely, and really aside from paying my own expenses so far, I have spent more money on things not actually necessary than ever before in this length of time, and I've had value received, too. Well, if I don't have money enough to pay my fare when I'm ready to leave I'll get a job as waitress or laundress. They're always short of help, or maybe the doctor's secretary will leave. O, there'll be a way all right if I keep on getting well, as I am sure I will, if I stay here where everyone has to rest a certain amount, day in and day out. I don't believe a half-well person can take the cure at home, even if he has a home and means ever so well. It would be easier to do if one were so weak he just had to stay in bed, but when you are able

### *A Visit to the City*

to be up and around, people think you are silly to stay in bed, or lazy, and they won't believe you are sick so long as you look well and feel well, and it is human nature to want to keep up with the crowd. Of course I suppose it *could* be done but even if I had a home, I think I'd rather take the cure here until I could lead a pretty normal life, and it does seem good to get back where it is quiet. The crowded cars and the hurly-burly of the city were awful.

I spent one afternoon with Phyllis, and came away heartsick. She is not at all well. She is an only child, and her folks are devoting themselves to taking care of her. Dr. Rutledge said her situation was as good as could be had at home. They moved out near one of the pretty lakes where the houses have lawns, and the street cars don't run every five minutes. Phyllis has a big sunny room, with double doors leading onto a veranda and when the weather is nice, her mother pushes her bed out there. When she is in the room the windows are kept open most of the time, and there is a screen to shut off drafts. Mrs. Channing cleans the room every day, not a particle of dust to be seen, and changes the bedding every day. Phyllis is having night sweats, but everything smells so fresh and sweet you'd never dream that there was a sick person in the room. She looks about the same, a little



*Saints' Rest*

thinner, maybe, but her eyes still shine, and she says she's going to chase the bugs until they get as sick of her as she is of them. She was so jolly, so sweet and patient that I marveled. Only once did she give me a hint that she suspected how things really were, and the next minute she was all smiles and sunshine, and her cheery *auf wiedersehen* sent me scurrying from the room. On my way back to Mrs. Sullivan's I stopped at a florist's and blew in three dollars for a bunch of the loveliest roses I could find.

I came back to the san yesterday, and almost all my spare time has been spent writing this letter.

Good night, dear heart.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE BIG CHIEF

Tamarack, May 1, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

Time flies by so fast I hardly know where it goes. You'd hardly believe the hours are so full I have to snatch time to write.

Everything is lovely. I weigh more than I ever did, one hundred twenty-five pounds, my cheeks are pink as pink roses, my pulse and temperature have behaved themselves for a long time, my blood tested 90 per cent hemoglobin, there are only a few dry rales in one corner of my left lung, and I'm as contented as the fat robin that struts up and down our greensward.

Among the changes that the new doctor has rung in is one that allows both men and women the use of the recreation room and croquet grounds (the latter an innovation here), and the library every evening until eight o'clock, and the evening rest hour is abolished. Games, cards, music, or just conversation are allowable. He let me have what he considers some excellent books for general study, and with Murray's help I am really study-

## *Saints' Rest*

ing. Of course I'm not wasting time on things that would be of little use to me, but I'm getting an inkling of what tuberculosis means, what it does, how to prevent it, and what to do and why to do it, when it hasn't been prevented. It's a bigger subject than I thought, and I don't suppose what I get will be more than an alphabetical acquaintance with it, but even that is worth while. You say there is an antituberculosis league in Seattle. I'm so glad, for I will want to be in touch with some such organization. I had no idea that tuberculosis was as prevalent as it is, or what mistakes people make, even intelligent people like myself. Ha! So I know wherever I am there will be some one who can be helped by what I am learning. You can look after the souls of your parishioners and I'll look after their lungs.

When I went up for the mail for our cottage it was late, and Owen and I passed the time of day as usual, while waiting. He told me how a couple of boys who hate to bother about taking their temperature and pulse the first thing in the morning were in the habit of making up a report at night and leaving it on the table for the night nurse when she makes morning rounds at 6:30. You see every one has to take pulse and temperature before he gets up and then record it on a sheet of paper which is left on a table in the dressing room. The

## *The Big Chief*

last thing the night nurse does is to go to the different cottages and collect these slips. One night about midnight she happened to look at this slip and found the morning pulse and temperature of these two men already written down. The men were called on the "carpet" next morning, but they won't tell what the doctor said to them. If the boys are like the girls, a lot of them fake their temperature all the time. If it runs pretty evenly for a few days they will just make up a record without taking it, especially in the morning. On the other hand, some few are always taking it and worrying about every little variation. I don't know which is the worse.

Rose.

Tamarack, May 5, 1917.

Dear Darwin:

Two events have occurred since I penned (I meant typed) the foregoing. Nothing very exciting but simple pastimes appeal to us, and we do have the best times. It happened that one girl from Saints' Rest and one from Wildwood were going home on the same day, and we asked the doctor if we might have a picnic supper, just the two cottages. He gave permission, and let us use our afternoon exercise to get things ready. We chose a place a little way down that steep hill I men-

### *Saints' Rest*

tioned once before. There is a nice, level grassy ledge there, just big enough for a small picnic, and you can look down the steep hill out over the lake with its little islands, and inlets, and all around are pines and birches, bright green and glistening white, and the cleanest, most refreshing odor. Here with some stones and a piece of sheet iron begged from the engineers we made our stove, and boiled the coffee, allowed as a treat for those who consider it such. Not me, I hate it. Our refreshments were very simple, but how good they tasted, under the open sky, away from the crowded dining room with its noise and clatter.

The great feature of the afternoon, however, was the dressing up. Did I ever mention the fact that each of us has a bright red blanket which is used as a cover when we wish to lie on the beds after they are made up? These blankets we draped around us, in supposedly Indian style, and from bits of velvet and ribbon with sumac leaves for feathers we concocted headdresses and in this gay attire we assembled for our Indian picnic. Some of the girls looked pretty much like Indians, though I don't know that that is any compliment.

We were jolly and gay, as people often are before a parting, but at the last a little silence fell. Even though there is often some one going and a new one coming, we get close to each other in our

## *The Big Chief*

common fight, and we couldn't help but wonder how many of us would really beat the game, and how many would fail, either from lack of that intangible quality, resistance, or from failure to begin the treatment early enough, or from inability to do the right things after finding out what to do. We were feeling terribly solemn, and all at once down walked Dr. Murdock. Some one asked him a question, and in answering it he gave us a splendid little talk, so cheerful and encouraging that our blue devils retreated. We cheered him wildly when he got through and dubbed him "The Big Chief." I'll bet the title sticks.

Event No. 2 was a marshmallow roast for everybody who was able to be out. The boys built a big fire before supper and threw on some six-foot timber and by seven o'clock there was an immense bed of coals over which we toasted the mallows. When this was over, we threw more fuel on the coals and sat around the blazing pile, telling stories and singing until 8:30.

It is easier to have good times in warm weather than in the winter, for just gathering outdoors is pleasant, and simple things like the marshmallow roast don't take the time and strength in preparation that programs and indoor entertainments do. However, I'd not give up my memory of the fun

### *Saints' Rest*

we had last Halloween for a good deal, though I know we all worked too hard.

I smell the supper cooking and I do believe it's stew. It's a good thing I like it, for we get lots of it, Irish stew, mutton stew, and hash, only they are always called by some fancy name. As one of the men remarked, "They have so many funny names for hash." It sort of vexes some of the girls to hear me applaud our stew and hash meals. I believe they think I'm plebeian in my tastes.

I must close now,

For the supper bell is ringing,  
An' it's there that I would be,  
By the old lamb, stewed and garnished,  
Lookin' fine to hungry me.

Rose.

## CHAPTER XIX

### LITTLE COMRADE TAKES THE LONG JOURNEY

Tamarack, June 20, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

O, these glorious days of sunshine and pleasant breezes, days filled with good cheer and warm friendships, and ever-increasing strength and vitality.

I know it is usually considered a fact that tuberculous people improve more in cold weather than in warm, and I suppose it is true in general, but I feel 75 per cent better these warm June days than I did in the winter. Give me the balmy days of spring and the glorious sunshine of summer every time. Perhaps, though, it took the bracing days of winter to get me in shape. To be honest, I can recall spring and summer days when just to be alive was misery, and when my work was done just because it had to be done.

I know I've written pages and pages about the wonderful verdure, the wintergreen that creeps all over these sandy woods, the anemones and hepaticas, the cowslips by the lake, the blooms of the



### *Saints' Rest*

wild strawberry and wild raspberry with their promise of fruit, and the myriad of plants and flowers that I know only by sight. Can you stand just a little more raving? I found an enchanted spot yesterday, and like the robin singing in yonder birch I must tell my tale or burst. Of all the wild flowers I've ever seen the lady slippers have always appealed most to my fancy, and I have roamed these woods hour after hour in search of them. I found a few growing rather close to the sanatorium in a wild uncleared space, but I was not satisfied, for I had read of places where they grew in profusion, and I wanted to see such a display for myself. I have so much exercise time that I can walk a long ways, and yesterday I started down the track, and after walking a mile or two I branched off onto an old logging road that skirted a cedar swamp. Since I didn't quite like the looks of the swamp I wandered at times into the woods on the other side of the road. Plenty of flowers I found, except what I sought. The Indian paintbrush flaunted itself unchecked, and the star flowers spread their snowy petals underfoot among the ferns. A little tired after an hour or so, I started to retrace my steps along the road. Several times I would glance longingly at the opposite side, but it looked too boggy for safe walking. Soon, however, so loath was I to give up my quest, that I

### *Little Comrade Takes the Long Journey*

walked a few paces into the swamp and stood peering into its dim recesses. A gleam of gold caught my eyes, and I ventured a little farther. The spongy looking ground yielded a little, but there was solid ground underneath, though here and there a little pool of water warned me to heed my footsteps. Four or five dainty yellow lady slippers swayed in the breezes and tempted me still farther onward, and suddenly I found myself in a palace of delight. Huge cedars towered above me, with glimpses of blue sky between; columbines reared their slender stems and shook their radiant heads at every touch; the spongy earth was covered with grasses, among which crowded the star flowers' waxen petals and dark green leaves, and among all these the lady slippers swayed in dainty loveliness. Most of them were of the small variety, some the size of a thumb and some even smaller. Dozens and dozens of them, and one glance at their dainty perfection brought to mind the old assurance that fairies and elves found them fit footwear for their merry dances on starry nights. I wandered here and there, and loath indeed was I to leave that enchanted spot, when the lengthening shadows gave evidence of the passing of time. I reached my cottage home, tired and dusty, but my eyes were filled with a vision of loveliness and my soul was filled with rapture.

### *Saints' Rest*

This morning, too, I found something unusual, not beautiful, but interesting. Midway between the cedar swamp and the san I stumbled upon a deserted Indian camp. It was in a secluded spot, well sheltered from the wind that sweeps up from the lake in winter. The framework of three tepees was left, and I took a snap shot of them. Beside a log nearby were fully a bushel of rabbits' legs, and the fine hair of a deer was scattered over the ground. Even my curiosity could not persuade me to linger long, the odor of the place proving a bar to enjoyment.

I've traversed all the nearby spots, and now I'm longing to spend a whole day tramping far afield, but I suppose it would not be advisable, even if I could. Tomorrow I am to start spending my morning exercise time working in the doctor's office. They are short of help. I am glad, for I know so little of this kind of work, and want all the experience I can get. Besides, if I can't go back to the city to work as I did before, pretty soon, I'd like to work up here a while. I suppose I ought to talk to the doctor about going home, but I hate to. I'd really feel dreadfully if I had not improved as much as I think I have, and besides, I'm hoping he will tell me without my asking. I know he must get tired of having people continually asking to go home, as so many of them do, who

*Little Comrade Takes the Long Journey*

think they have recovered fully as soon as they gain a little weight and begin to feel well.

If I don't get a letter from you in the next two days, I shall not write you for a month. I don't expect a letter every day, but it has been over a week since I heard, and I'm just as interested in your doings as you are in mine. So there, Darwin Burney!

Lovingly,

Rose..

Tamarack, July 5, 1914.

My dear:

Another holiday spent in the sanatorium. Little did I think when I spent my first holiday here that the Fourth of July would find me still a sojourner.

The Big Chief made a little speech before the Fourth. He said he wanted us to have a good time, with no bad results, and after considerable talk, a simple program was outlined. A big launch, a double decker, was chartered for the morning of the Fourth, and at nine o'clock all those whom the doctor considered able, gathered at the nearest landing, and a merry bunch we were. A smart breeze was blowing, so much so that Murray Dunning and I, who sat up on the front end of the boat, and hung our feet over, had much ado to avoid getting wet from the spray that leaped up

### *Saints' Rest*

to meet us. I've not been able to find out for sure how big this lake is, but it seems to me I heard some one say that it had 640 miles of shore line. It is far larger than I thought. Once out on the main body of water we could scarcely see land, and I could almost imagine I was really at sea. For two hours and more we sailed and sang of Captain Kidd and his pirate crew, and "A Sailor's Wife the Sailor's Star Should Be." Gloomy? Why should we be? The only difference between us and the rest of the world is that we know we have tuberculosis, and are going to take care of ourselves, and live to a ripe old age, and some people have tuberculosis and don't know it, and don't take care of themselves, and will be cut off in their prime.

At 11:30 we were back at our landing place, and on reaching the dining room were served with sandwiches and milk, and then after a rest in bed we assembled for the big picnic dinner at 2:30. A spot had been selected in an open glade, near the lake, and supplies carried to it by wagon. A platform had been built by the carpenter and some of the employes and was gaily decorated. Said platform was to be the site of a dance that evening for employes and their guests. We had a program, very short, and then a perfectly delicious picnic dinner. Miss Harper and the culinary department

### *Little Comrade Takes the Long Journey*

certainly did themselves proud. Employes don't hate to do things for us like they did, when they can take part in the fun, too. It was their picnic as well as ours, though of course a number of them had elected to spend their holiday elsewhere. Any number of reclining chairs, a few hammocks, and blankets were on hand and we lounged at our pleasure, reading, talking, and watching the amusing contests indulged in mostly by the employes. There were only a few contests by the patients, since most of us are barred from unnecessary exertion.

You should have seen the hairdressing contest. Three girls with very heavy hair, and three hapless young men, volunteered to be victims. The girls were seated in a row on the platform, a young man behind each one. At a signal each man proceeded to pull out hairpins, take down the tresses and rearrange them any style he fancied, braids barred. A bottle of approved hair tonic went to the developer of the most artistic coiffure, who accomplished the result in the least time, and a tiny celluloid comb to the man whose efforts were most resultant of ridicule. Agonies of the ladies during the above process were not taken into consideration. A counterattraction was insisted upon, in which three young men allowed themselves to be shaved by the ladies. For true heroism they

### *Saints' Rest*

all deserved a medal. Surely it must have been no minor matter to sit calmly while a razor wandered over one's face. Results and speed were also the requirements in this contest, and the first prize went to Mrs. Doctor, who afterward confessed that she had shaved the doctor's neck an average of once a month for a good many years, and thus had acquired experience.

At five-thirty refreshments for those who wished them were again in order, and six-thirty found us all in our cottages ready to rest until eight o'clock, when we assembled on the lawn to view the wonderful display of fireworks. Nine o'clock found us in bed, just pleasantly tired, and conscious of the serene feeling which a happy day engenders. Just before we dispersed, some one suggested three cheers for the Big Chief, and the response was quick and fervid. I've been wondering, as I have before, at the hold the doctor already has on the people. Even the doubters from whose lips the old adage about a new broom sweeping clean, fell freely during the first weeks of the doctor's novitiate, have waxed enthusiastic, and barring the few unpleasantnesses that sometimes occur in the best regulated families, we have had an almost unbelievable state of harmony.

How does he do it? Not gifted with what we call accomplishments, he has inherent the gift of

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friendliness. This must be the secret of his success, for friendliness embraces sympathy and patience, and these three things, coupled, of course, with his technical knowledge, mark the difference between a "Royal Highness" and a "Big Chief."

Good night,  
Rose.

Tamarack, August 20, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

Fully an hour have I been sitting on the needle-strewn ground, leaning against a steady old pine, and wondering.

I brought my pencil and pad with me, for I can't bear the jangle of the typewriter today.

What a deceiver Old Time is! One moment it seems only a few days ago instead of almost a year since Phyllis and I came on our quest for health and roamed these fragrant woods and sat beneath this very pine. The next moment it seems years and years ago. Yesterday the message came, not from her but about her. I've been expecting it, but I can scarcely believe her joyous spirit has departed. I've wandered over the old haunts where we took our exercise, first when the flaming leaves had begun to fall, and later when the snow lay thick over the paths and through the woods, and everywhere I wander memory paints me the



### *Saints' Rest*

lissome figure of my little comrade, with tasseled cap and sunny curls. My eyes fill with sudden tears, for her steps have wandered into an unknown path, but before the tears have time to fall I hear the echo of her merry laughter, I see her saucy smile, I feel again the dauntless courage that never wavered, and I grasp the calm assurance of a faith that acknowledged no stars save those of hope.

Brave and cheery to the last, they wrote me. Courage! Have I ever known it? Appreciation! Have I ever known it? My thoughts turn to the wonder of these northern woods with their rugged beauty, touched by a thousand gentle hands, the bluebells straying over the rocky grounds, the columbines waving in airy grace, the sweep of the wind through the pines, carrying with it messages from the wild things of the woods. There are these things for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, and those whose spirits can receive such, have gained much, even though their passing sojourn fails to bring healing to the body.

Yours always,  
Rose.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE YEAR'S REWARD

Tamarack, August 25, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

It was seven o'clock when I sat down to write. It is almost eight now. Thoughts come slowly. Your letter, which reached me a few days ago, has been constantly in my mind. Your hopes and plans are alluring and wonderful. I'm happy, but there can be no comparison between this and entering upon my life with you this fall, as you are planning. There should be no question of the feasibility of these plans, but there is. I've lain awake thinking; I've called on my most constant friend, the Man in the Moon, but this time he merely smiled his persistent smile (the old fraud). Then because I was fearful lest we make a mistake I took your letter and my courage and went to the doctor for counsel. We talked a long time. He is always willing to discuss anything from all viewpoints and doesn't merely give advice.

He said that if I married you this fall I might retain my health, and the ultimate results be satisfactory, but that this was far less certain than the

### *Saints' Rest*

opposite. He told me my lungs were in excellent condition; that eight doctors out of ten among ordinary practitioners would be loath to believe I had ever been tuberculous from the physical signs, but that lungs do not heal permanently for a long time, and that marriage with its adjustment to a new environment, and the probability of child-birth, might be factors which would soon undo all the improvement I have made, and since I could be reasonably happy and comfortable as things are, he asked me if I didn't think the wisest and best thing to do was not to take a chance. I asked him if he would talk the same six months or a year from now, and he said that at the end of six months of work if I was as well in every way as I appear to be now, he would not discourage our getting married.

I'm not a coward, dear, but I want only the best for us both. I don't want to become an invalid, peevish, exacting and expensive, and I don't want you to become a mere provider, worried and tired. I want you to grow into a nice, happy, white-haired old man, and I want to be a nice white-haired old lady, and in place of a few doubtful years I want to give you years and years of myself at my best, and I want to share with you a family of husky, happy youngsters who will have reason to think our fireside the loveliest spot on earth until they

### *The Year's Reward*

have one of their own. If I didn't want so much from our lives I wouldn't hesitate, but I can't bear to risk the loss of anything when a few months more would make it so much more certain. If this illness had never reached me, I could put my hand in yours and go down the lane with never a thought for the future, and yet, I'm glad things have been as they are, for I know better now how much there is to expect from life. I've found loveliness where I would never have looked for it, in little nooks and crannies of people's hearts and minds, and I've caught glimpses of the hard and bitter side of life. I've seen so much to be afraid of, and so much to want, that I don't dare risk a false move.

It's hard, my dear. I'm sorry to draw any heavier on your stock of fine courage. If you were less a man I should be afraid to test you so, but you must come for a visit, anyway. I couldn't quite stand another six months with only memories of your blue eyes and joyous smile. You need a vacation, and there is a little lodging house nearby where you can stay, and in my leisure time you and I can roam around the wonder spots of this region and get acquainted again, and when I am busy you can rest or roam as you like.

The doctor offered me a place as secretary in his office. There is a good salary, and the surroundings are good, and I believe I can better

*Saints' Rest*

preserve my health here than in the city in my old place. I told him I would write you before deciding anything. Write me at once, dear. I feel I'll be doing the best thing to take the doctor's advice, but I want your approval, and I want to be sure I can look forward to a visit from you, very soon, even though I am not to go back with you as we had hoped.

Lovingly,  
Rose.

Tamarack, September 5, 1914.

Dear Darwin:

A year ago I came to Tamarack, a patient. Today I have been discharged, apparently arrested, and entered upon the pay roll as secretary to the superintendent.

I moved my belongings from Saints' Rest to the quarters of the official staff. My duties begin tomorrow. I'm not nervous, for I've helped so much in the office lately that the routine work is becoming familiar, and I'm too anxious to begin the real work to be afraid of it. Also I'm anxious to begin earning a salary. Bless Margaret Dale, for preferring to work in the city, and leaving this opening to me. While a bank account, or what I used to call my "pride-saver," is no longer my chief ambition, yet I don't intend to be an entirely

### *The Year's Reward*

dowerless bride, and I can save more here than in the city, for the salary is as good as I had there, considering the maintenance, and medical supervision, and I won't wear myself out riding on stuffy street cars. My leisure time will be a help, not a hindrance. My accommodations are fine. A large, sunny room, with two small rugs, comfortable furniture, including a little desk with a reading lamp, and best of all, the room has double doors that swing out on a big porch, where Dr. Hull, Miss Lyons, Miss Harper and myself have beds, and the porch is so large that there is room for a library table and a few little rockers. It makes a sort of sun parlor, and I shall make good use of it before the wintry blasts begin to howl.

Besides all this, there is a commodious closet, well equipped with hooks, and a broad shelf, and the dresser has two big drawers and two small ones, and there is my desk besides. What richness for one who has had to cram her belongings into the confines of one small locker, and whose trunk was only accessible three days in the week. Now I have no wrathful feelings over the trunk room. There is nothing in my trunk but the remnants of my last winter's wardrobe.

This whole week has been a week of changes. Murray left for his home to spend a few weeks with his sister, before beginning his last term.

### *Saints' Rest*

He has only five months more. Then he expects to return here, as third assistant, and make a specialty of tuberculosis. Dr. Murdock is quite pleased. He doesn't think Murray could stand the stress of a general practice just yet, and the training he will get here will be of benefit to him always, even if he takes general practice later. Also he thinks him a good man for the place, not only industrious but willing and anxious to learn, and he hopes to make a first-class sanatorium man out of him.

Owen Bowling has begun work as assistant clerk in the steward's office. After a three years' fight he is able to do a reasonable amount of light work where conditions are suitable. A three years' fight sounds formidable, but Dr. Hull says he was a far advanced and unfavorable case when he came, and in addition to the lung involvement had a tuberculous hip and knee. Of course he is still lame and probably always will be, but he has improved wonderfully. A person should have some results for so long a struggle, and I am glad he has, but it doesn't always happen that way.

Lorraine Belmond, whose condition was as bad, when she entered, almost as long ago as Owen, doesn't seem to get anywhere, as the doctors say. She has picked up at times, and has improved from some terrible relapses, but the gain is never

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permanent. She is a talented person, in her line of work. She can do the most beautiful sewing I ever saw, some of the garments made before she came were evidently fit for a queen, and she has designed and made wonderful creations for the elite of her home town, among whom she was friend as well as modiste. The family has seen better days, I imagine. She is not well enough to earn her own living, and her relatives either won't or can't give her a home, and while she is always thinking that another six months will find her able to work, she is terribly unhappy, especially since she was moved from the cottage because the walk to her meals seemed too hard on her. I am sorry she is not doing better, for she is a dear girl, and the more I know her the better I like her.

And little Jimmie, our star beauty, left the san a few days ago, and letters this morning announce her marriage. Is such courage commendable or regrettable, I wonder.

Miss Middlestone expects to teach school this winter, and leaves tomorrow, and Mrs. Ferber left some days ago, in pretty good condition.

Only a few of those present when I came are here, and although the new ones slip easily into place, I think Saints' Rest will always be a back-ground for the faces I knew first, and my early



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sanatorium friendships will be an enduring part of my future life.

This wonderful, wonderful year! I've learned much since I came up here, not just about tuberculosis, but about life. I'd never have learned all this in the city, at least not in the narrow groove in which I was walking. Up here I've come in contact with such a variety of dispositions, such a diversity of training and opportunity, that I can't begin to discriminate between cause and effect, and I've learned much, too, from the cool paths, the constant green of the pines, the messages borne on the swish of the winds, and the tales told by the Man in the Moon. O, I'm crude yet, but I'm learning, and little by little I'm blending the assurance that comes from a book education with the assurance that comes from a living education. Darwin, if you loved me two years ago, you'll surely love me now, for I am much more worth loving. Indeed, as I look back, I wonder what you saw in the girl of two years ago.

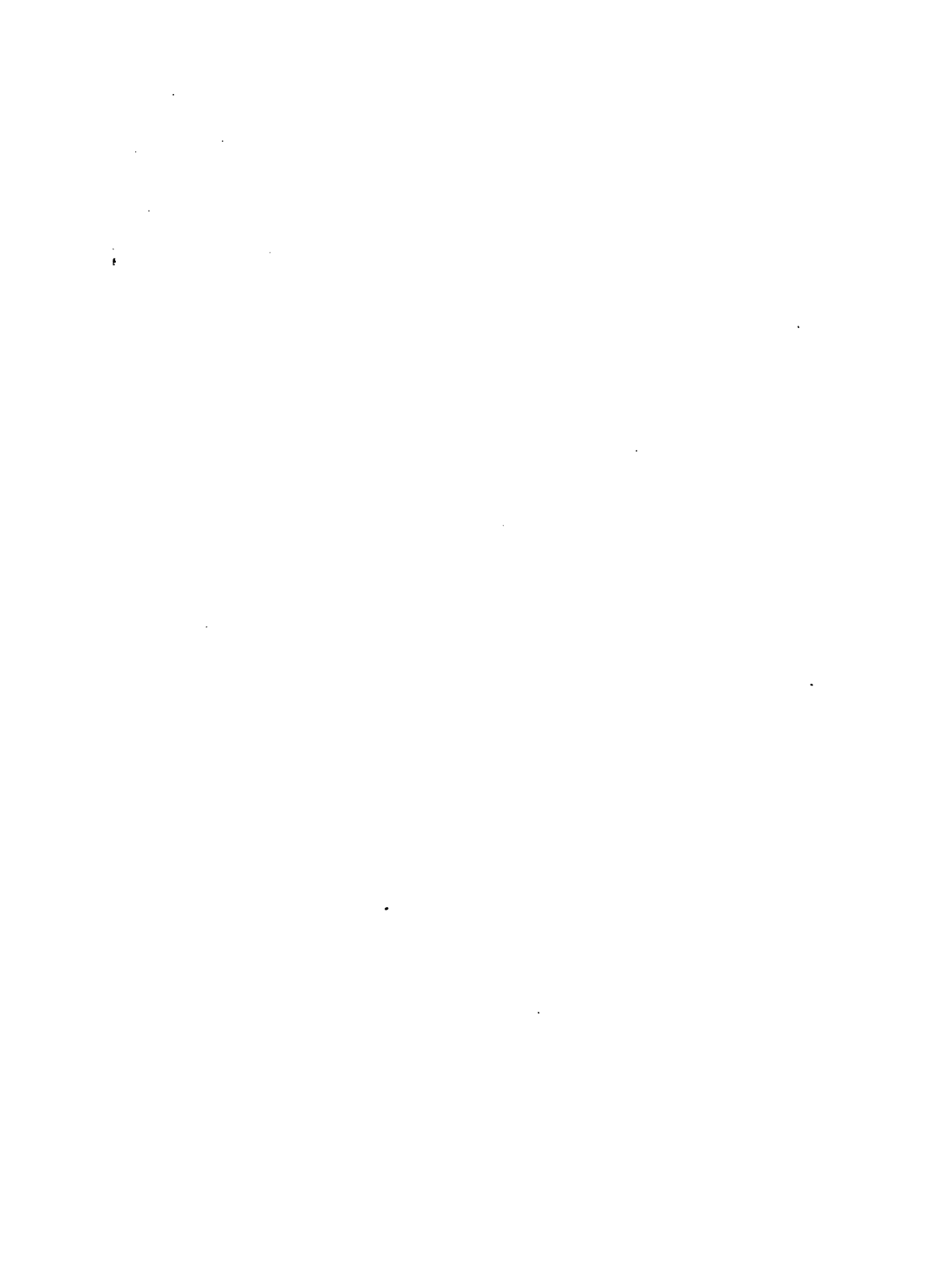
The five o'clock train has whistled in. When that whistle blows a week from today I'll not be sitting here, calmly writing. What, then? Shall I tell you? That week it will be the patient men's turn to walk the station road, and there is always a motley crowd at the station. Someway I have a fancy not to meet you under their curious eyes,

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so when you alight from the train throw your luggage into the omnibus and follow on foot the winding, sandy road. The goldenrod will blaze along the way, and the wild sunflowers lift their shining heads to welcome you, and where the road bends to the left, I'll be waiting, the glow of health on my cheeks, and in my heart the glow of boundless love.

Rose.





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